

Twice a Month!



messing about in BOATS

Volume 11 - Number 9

September 15, 1993





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Our Next Issue...

Will feature several adventures: "Near Disaster" by Maria Thayer, a bygone grade school essay; "The Big Boat" by Marty Cooperman, about a keel yacht caught in Florida shoal waters; and "Me and the Skipper on the Chesapeake" by a rigging spider aboard Andre Venable's Sea Pearl. Historical perspective will be provided by Carol Downs' report on the "Boat Club That Began in a Tenement", the story of Boston's Community Boating. A couple of short reports from me on events of interest will cover Lowell's Boat Shop's 200th Anniversary Day and a look at some creative designs at a neighborhood cardboard boat race in Salem Willows, Massachusetts. Other designs will include Phil Bolger's 21' Canoe Yawl and Weston Farmer's World War II fantail steamboat "Feeble". Michael Kent will tell us about "My First, Worst Boat" and Bob Brown will lecture "Paddlers Who Don't Change Sides". And we'll review the best book we've read to date on liveaboard cruising, Annie Hill's "Voyaging on a Small Income".

On the Cover...

Barry Donahue happened to have sent us this photo a while ago of happy Beetle Cat racer Joe Tamsky at play, and it fit right into this issue as Joe gave the big Marshall cats a race for it at the Arey's Pond Catboat Gathering reported on in this issue.

Commentary...

No other article has elicited so much interest this year as has David Bolduc's June 15th cover story, "Cruising in Little Cruiser", which featured a description of David and Mindy's cruise in their 15' lug rigged sharpie from Florida to the Bahamas and back. While the Bolduc's adventure was in itself a considerable achievement, the attention the tale has drawn forth is focussed on their boat, built by a friend of theirs, Matt Layden.

This was not the first time Matt Layden, still something of a mystery man to us, has turned up on our pages. Several years ago Barry Donahue, a professional news photographer who lives on Cape Cod, met up with a tiny cruising sailboat on Pleasant Bay on the eastern Cape while out rowing in late fall, and sent on a short item and photo about meeting up with "The Flying Dutchman". At that time Matt had been cruising in New England and was enroute back to his home base in Connecticut with winter approaching.

The interest now aroused in this diminutive cruising sailboat, one which could capably cross the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas in a relatively laid back outing, is chiefly expressed as a desire to obtain plans for the boat, or to arrange contact with its builder. A recent letter from another of Matt Layden's acquaintances brought new revelations. Here is what Mike Leiner, proprietor of the Island Place resort in Cedar Key, Florida (a favored winter small boat hangout for some of our readers) has to say about Matt's work:

I was glad to see the interest generated by Matt Layden's boat that appeared on the June 15th cover. Another of his boats also appears in the July 1st issue on page 14. Matt has built a half-dozen or so of these small 13'-16' minimal cruisers that have voyaged to the Bahamas and back, but I am unaware of any plans he makes available.

The last time he was here delivering a sailboat he sketched out his latest design on the back of an envelope and that is probably as detailed as his plans get.

Ida Little and Michael Walsh devote several pages to one of Matt's designs in their book, "Beach Cruising & Coastal Camping", published by Westcott Cove Publishing.

Mike Leiner, Cedar Key, FL.

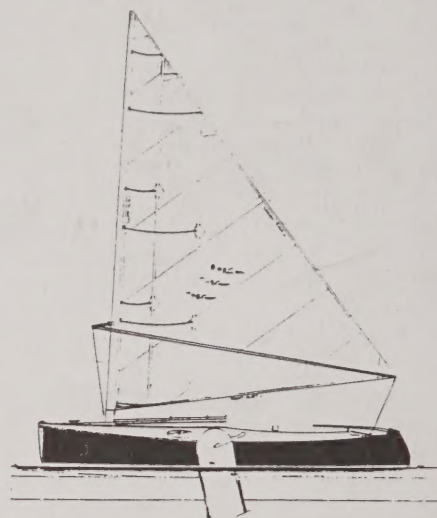
Another reader, Lee Johnson of Hartland, Michigan, thought the name sounded familiar while he was going through some old sailing mags, and his letter explains what he came up with on the Matt Layden topic:

Going through some old mags, I thought the name sounded familiar, checked the phone info and got a number which I called and got Matt Layden's mother (or relative). She said he was building a boat in Maine. "Little Cruiser" has gotten a bunch of attention (I thought it would).

Matt Layden does seem to have some talent, the design pictured appeared in the July, 1983, issue of "Cruising World", having been submitted to their 1982 Design Competition.

Lee Johnson, Hartland, MI.

So it appears that Matt designs on old envelopes, and also submitted a pretty professional looking design to a major sailing magazine design contest. The "Cruising World" design is pictured to illustrate the efforts of this mystery designer builder some eleven years ago.



What is it that grabs so many of you about "Little Cruiser" and its ilk? I'd guess that it is the dream of building and sailing a compact little boat that also could handle serious waters and provide comfortable accommodation. The camper cruiser or pocket cruiser concept, long nourished by yacht designers for the low budget yachtsman.

Back in 1983-85 in our formative years we ran a series on camper and pocket cruisers, and it was pretty popular. Some of you who have been with us since those days (already 8-10 years ago!) probably recall these, but here's a list in random order:

15' "Titmouse" by Sam Rabl. 16' "Mite" by Westlawn. 16' "Mouser" by Phil Bolger. 20' "Nootka Sound" by Joe Dobler. 17' "Silhouette" by Robert Tucker. 17' "Guppy" by Bob Chapel. 16' "Dogwatch" by Sam Crocker. 18' "Eel" by William Garden. 18' "Bluebird" by John Atkin. 16' "Great Pelican" by William Short. 16' "Wayfarer" by Ian Proctor. 19' "Madrigal" by Dave Gerr. 20' "Chebacco" by Phil Bolger. 18' "Nina" by Jim Thayer. 16' "Micro" by Phil Bolger.

Would some of you be interested in seeing these again? Or for the first time? I can get pretty good photocopies made of any or all of them and mail these to anyone who requests them. Figure on \$1 each to cover the time and costs involved in photocopying of multiple pages, 1st Class postage, envelope, handling etc. I don't think I want to rerun them in the magazine, we're already pressed for space for current topics of interest. Each article is typically two or three pages with several photos and usually line drawings of the designs. They are descriptive reports, not technical analysis. In some cases plans sources are indicated.

I thought I'd make this offer as the concept of the pocket or camper cruiser seems to be a very appealing one to many of you.



UNITED STATES COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

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Contributed by Tom Shaw



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About That Anchor

Most boaters think of their anchors as conveniences. They are. Not all boaters think of the anchor as a major piece of safety equipment. It is (as anyone who has ever been on a lee shore with a dead engine knows full well).

Setting aside the "convenience" of the anchor, staying at that good fishing spot, spending the night in a quiet cove, holding the boat off that sandy beach during a leisurely swim and sun tan session, the anchor is one of the major safety factors on any boat. Sooner or later, most of us run into a problem on the water, a dead engine or a total lack of wind. Unfortunately, we can't just "park on the side of the road" while we do repairs or wait for help. Our "road" just won't stay still. Wind, tide and current take us where they will, and that is generally where we don't want to go. This is when the right anchor and sufficient scope make the difference between inconvenience and disaster. Unfortunately, the experience of countless Coast Guard Auxiliary Courtesy Marine Examiners demonstrates how many pleasure boats lack adequate anchoring gear.

What should a boat carry? First, an anchor one size larger than the length, beam and weight of the boat call for. The "right" size is easily determined by tables published by most anchor manufacturers. To go to one size larger is a very small investment for a very large safety factor.

Second, sufficient rode. The standard rule is seven feet of rode for every foot of water depth, but that is for "normal" conditions. Take a look at your local chart and see the water depths in your boating area. Then multiply by ten. Remember, when you buy anchor rode you are buying a very

inexpensive insurance policy. The more scope, the better your anchor will hold. And let that rode be twisted (not braided) nylon to provide maximum stretch.

Third, add at least six feet of heavy chain between the anchor and the rode. Yes, that chain is a nuisance on a small boat. Yes, it is inconvenient to stow. Yes, it can scratch a beautifully varnished foredeck. But that piece of chain can hold the shank of your anchor parallel to the bottom and give the flukes a real chance to dig in and hold. Without it, the anchor may just bounce across the ocean floor letting you drift towards disaster.

What kind of anchor is best? Unfortunately, there is no universal answer, so much depends on the kind (or kinds) of bottom in your area. As a very general rule, the Danforth seems to hold well in most conditions. Check with local boatmen and learn from their experience. As a matter of fact, all boats should carry two anchors (even the smallest Coast Guard Auxiliary vessel must carry two.) You might well carry different types for differing conditions.

Your anchor is a great convenience. It may also be the most important piece of safety equipment on your vessel. And remember, ALWAYS, secure the bitter end of that anchor rode. More than one boater has watched anchor chain and line all disappear into the depths.

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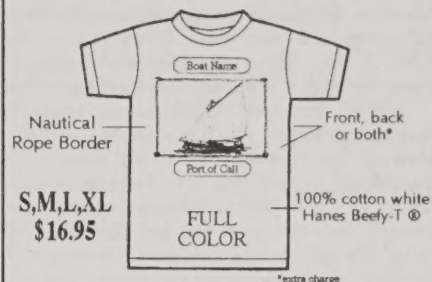
The Connecticut River Museum in Essex will hold its annual benefit auction on Saturday, October 9. A major attraction of this fundraising event is the auctioning of small sailboats, runabouts and rowing craft donated by members and friends of the Museum.

Donors of the boats to be auctioned can take advantage of current IRS regulations for deductions resulting from charitable contributions. Canoes, dinghys, sailboards, daysailers and outboard/inboard boats are some of the types that have been popular with auction buyers in the past.

If you have a small, trailerable boat in good condition that you would like to donate for a tax deduction, please contact THE CONNECTICUT RIVER MUSEUM at 767-8269. Ask for Dick Metzger, Carl Barlow or David Williams.

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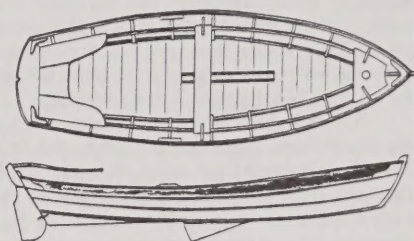
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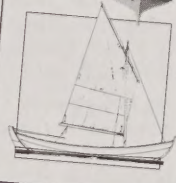


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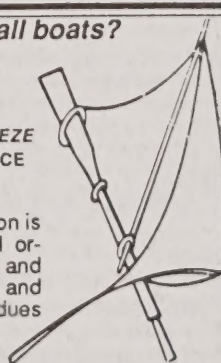
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NEW WAY TO PLAN TRIP

I've discovered a new way, for me at least, to plan a canoe trip. This past spring's trip was a last minute affair and we only had one car. I wanted to explore an old portage between the Penobscot and Machias Rivers that was supposedly worn 12' deep into the peat according to the AMC Guide. My companion was hoping to come up with a loop trip due to the one car.

Well, the AMC Guide seems to imply that the portages in this area are impassable so we thought we'd try them. We started off at 5th Machias Lake and went down to 4th Machias Lake, where we hunted for the portage to Gissabassing Lake. By going into the woods away from the heavy growth along the shore, and one of us walking one way, the other the opposite, we found the trail, which obviously was still seeing some use. The 15 minute topo maps from the 1930's have portages marked on them, which was helpful in our search.

From Gissabassing lake we went to Nictouisi Lake where there is a portage about 1-1/2 to 2 miles long back into the Machias River system. The streams connecting the ponds are full of fallen trees, but at high water they are not too hard to wade down pushing the canoe over and under snags. Wool pants came in handy.

We ended up 2-1/2 miles from our car. We could have gone further down the West Branch and ended up only 8 miles away. The old topo maps, and guidebooks that state routes are impassable, seem to be a resource for planning some interesting trips.

Rob Stevens, Small Point, ME.

INTEREST IN SMALL DIESELS

In response to B.F. Greene's inquiry about interest in small diesels, here's someone so interested. Ever since walking along a Norwegian fjord one morning and hearing the "puch-puch-puch" (undoubtedly a Sabb) coming out of the mist propelling a small double ender, I want one! But, \$\$\$-ouch!

Gregg Shadduck, Minneapolis, MN.

BITTEN BY THE RESTORATION BUG

My family, including my wife and two grown sons, and I have been bitten by the restoration bug. In the past three years we have completed a 1936 16' Dodge runabout inboard and are now finishing off a 1956 Chris Craft Continental. We undertake the entire effort from upholstery (my wife's specialty) to engine rebuilding and all wood restoration and refinishing. The search for rare parts adds excitement to all phases of each project.

Another son who lives out of town comes over to help too, and he is rebuilding a 17' 1942 Star Class sailboat, also mahogany.

J. Jeromin, Randolph, OH.

TEMPORARY CASH FLOW PROBLEM

Sorry about my delayed renewal. I bought a boat out of your classifieds and suffered the usual temporary cash flow problem. Such is the life of one addicted to floating.

Norman Morrison, Schenectady, NY.



MORE FROM MARC

You surprised me printing my letter in the July 15th issue about my discontent with plywood/epoxy construction. I'd like to add some clarification if I may.

For various reasons I was unhappy with plywood and fiberglass. The quality of plywood seems to be at an all time low and fiberglass work is messy and potentially hazardous. So I did some research into metal boatbuilding, and to make it a short story I am back to plywood.

I either have to spend big bucks and drive 700 miles round trip to get the imported good stuff or persist in repairing fir marine plywood with epoxy. My next boat will be of fir marine plywood, bonded and covered with epoxy and fiberglass (maybe polypropylene). It is still the easiest and most direct way to build for me.

I have come up with some new equipment, a small oil-less compressor, sandblaster helmet and coveralls. I also learned in some literature from Fiberglass Coatings, Inc. that the 1:1 ratio epoxy is less "hazardous" than the 4:1 or 5:1 epoxy.

Other than its messiness, I find another complaint I have with epoxy is that it is not (perhaps nothing is) waterproof, sunproof, rockproof, logproof, dockproof or bulletproof. Thirty years ago it was possible to build a plywood over wood frame boat, paint it and use it. When it got scraped up all that was required was more paint. The paint didn't hold the water in the plywood, causing more trouble.

I guess I just resent being between a rock and a hard place situation. Figuring in approximately nominal terms, a half gallon of epoxy will coat both sides of a 4'x8' sheet of plywood, bond tape to seams, and bond cloth to one side. Fiberglass Coatings 1:1 epoxy gal./gal. kit at \$52, divided by four gives \$13 of epoxy. Add to that \$16 for 8 ounce cloth and tape. A repaired \$32 AA fir marine 4'x8'x1/4" panel thus costs \$61 before paint, about half the price of the imported mahogany that could be screwed onto framing and just painted. (Just for comparison, a 4'x8'x16 gauge galvanized steel panel is \$54, and a 4'x8'x10 gauge 5052 aluminum panel is \$120).

Marc Pauls, Riverview, MO.

TO ROW THE IONIAN SEA

On September 25th I am leaving to attend a conference in Olympia, Greece. If only I could row a real boat on the Ionian Sea my life would be that much more complete. If anyone knows where I could rent an authentic rowing or sailing craft near Pyrgos, Greece, I would appreciate hearing from them soon.

Martin Kokus, P.O.Box 119, Hopewell, PA 16650, (717) 485-9166.

A COVER FOR THAT KLEPPER

Charles Akers might want to visit a hobby shop that caters to model aircraft fans for material to cover his folding Klepper sailboat pictured in the August 15th "Your Commentary". Such a shop might have a material called "Celastic", it feels like cardboard but stiffens when dipped into butyrate thinner. Many years ago H.A. Calahan, who sold chilled varnish, used to carry "Celastic" in his inventory. This is a suggestion, not a recommendation.

Robert Steward, Marine Design, Jacksonville, FL.

GAMEFISHER 14 MODS

I am interested in learning details of adding a steering, throttle, shifting and instrumentation console to the Gamefisher 14 Tri Hull that was marketed by Sears Roebuck a few years back, item #107.611140. I am led to believe by the owner's manual that Sears offered modification kits that provided some of the features I desire, but since their catalog ordering service has been dissolved and only younger employees now seem to exist, all historical information has been lost. Anyone who can advise me on this would certainly be helpful.

Homer Briggs, Jr., 20 Woodland Dr., Kings Park, NY 11754-3225.

WHITE VINEGAR WORKS

Recently I was doing a small epoxy job on one of my boats and I tried white vinegar on the cleanup as recommended by John Howell in your May 1st issue. It worked great and at \$1.49 a gallon and non-toxic, what a deal! My thanks to Mr. Howell for taking time and trouble to share this bit of information with us.

This is what makes this little magazine so great. Real people sharing real knowledge, emotions, joys, defeats and dreams. We are a family that gets together twice a month thanks to the magazine.

Leon Jones, Rio Grande, NJ.

WASHBURNE OUTING A PLEASURE

The Cape Cod Vikings hosted various rowing enthusiasts at Washburne Island on Waquoit Bay on the south shore of Cape Cod mid-August with a good two days of orienteering, swapping boats and impromptu racing. Thanks to Bernie Smith and the Vikings for the good time.

Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA.

NOT SO MANY...

Not so many kayaks and canoes please!

G.B. Charles, Provincetown, MA.

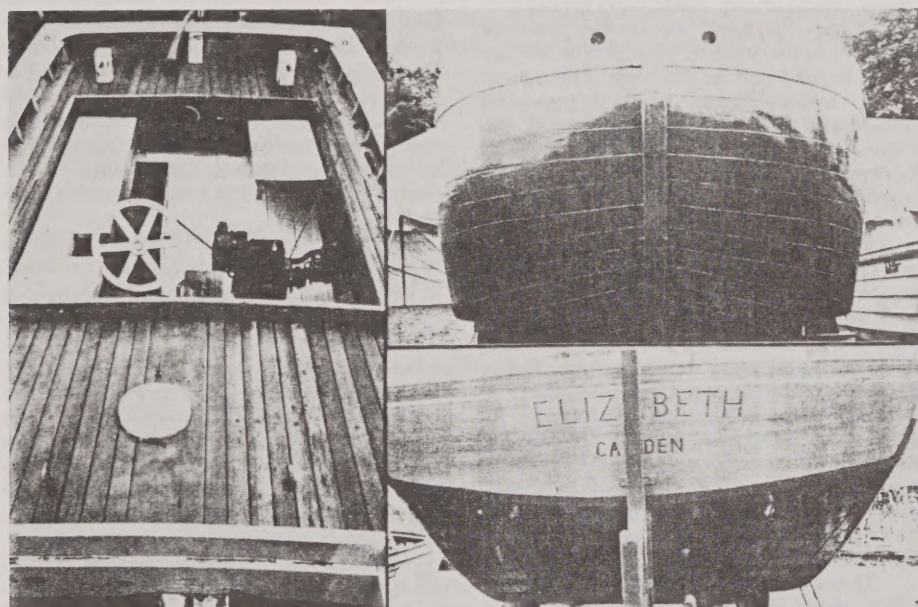


TRUE WONDER CRAFT IDENTIFIED

I know the identity of the "True Wonder Craft" sighted in the August 15th issue "Your Commentary". This is one of the many unique "rafts" that take part in the Connecticut River Raft Race. Given the timing, they were probably out "training" for this year's race. The photo

shows them crossing the finish line at last year's race, a very close third behind our "Triceratops" pictured on this page in the July 1st issue. The "True Wonder Craft" has appeared in several incarnations over the years at the raft race under the name "B. Fonttenella".

Nick Schade, Oakdale, CT.



WHERE IS "ELIZABETH" NOW?

Remember "Elizabeth" of Camden, in August of 1985 at the Maine Maritime Museum's first consignment auction? You wrote her up (November 1, 1985) in no friendly terms, a boat that only another weirdo could love. (We said, "This was one weird boat, a 16' cat schooner said to be a miniature replica of a St. John River lumber schooner.").

In 1986 I found a couple of issues of "Messing About in Boats" at a hospital auxiliary rummage store in Winsted, Connecticut and have carried them around in the book boxes through four or five moves since then. After reading the book "The Piscataqua Gundalow" recently, I hauled out your article about that 1985 auction.

Where is "Elizabeth" now? Have you any idea? I have written to the museum curator, to H.H. Payson in S. Thomaston, and I can write to E. Meyers at Damariscotta and to a Mr. Beal, former harbor master hereabouts, old friend of a friend. I expect to find her eventually, unless she has been turned into kindling meanwhile.

If you or a reader can give me a line to her I'd like very much to get a look at her and have a word with her present owner

Abe Smith, RR 1, Box 47,
Jonesboro, ME 04648.

WHAT ABOUT THE CROTCH ISLAND PINKY?

I'm inquiring for information about the 21' Crotch Island Pinky fiberglass reproduction built by Peter Van Dine. I've exhausted all local resources without success, the only evidence I have is a picture by David Scott on page 31 in Time-Life's "The Classic Boat", published in 1977. Does anyone know of him?

Is Peter Van Dine still in business? How many of these boats were built? What are specs, lines, sail plan. Where was his boat yard? Could the molds be located and used? I realize these are tough questions but someone must know something about this boat, it appears to be a beautifully executed traditional boat reproduction.

Robert Allan, 7044 Justine Dr.,
Malton, ON L4T 1M3, Canada.

OFF TO THE RACES & OTHER THINGS

Up the River Weir we rowed,
Bluffs and marshes flanking us
In our fishless dories high,
Pulled by soft handed kids.

The flood tide helped.
Midday and yet the moon
Was on our side
And eased us to the start.

There the old boats gathered,
Remembrances picturesque
Of quite another time,
One out of books for us.

A whaleboat without rancid stench,
Surfboats white without jobs,
Bateaus, no pesky logs to herd.
We with neither tub nor trawl.

And yet there was McCabe
("Born a hundred years too late")
My comment to the boys)
Bringing ole times back.

His medium not plastic
But wood from this same land.
His fuel not from fossils
But wind and oars and arms.

Sophomore Joe spoke thusly,
"He was born at the right time
For someone must remind us
And pass along the plans."

Pike Messenger, Ring's Island
Rowing Club, Salisbury, MA.

MORE THINGS LEARNED ABOARD THE SKIFF "BOOGER MARU" (11'5"LOA)

1. Get a trailer! Build a trailer! Beg, borrow or steal a trailer! Car-topping is an invitation to disaster, no matter how large and willing the work force.

2. Any passenger sitting astride an open dagger-board trunk is going to get a crotch-full of water when you traverse the tall wake of a passing stink-pot. Cap the trunk!

3. In the Swinomish Channel such wakes can easily reach five feet in height—and never mind what a boat traveling at such a speed is doing to the banks and docks, the sportsmen aboard it (Arthur Ransome called them "Hullabalooos," I seem to remember) don't care—and this hull will handle such wakes with grace, and aplomb, and considerable exhilaration.

It is possible to be perfectly safe, and feel perfectly safe, even at times when a neighboring boat can sight *under* your hull and see the channel bank. (Score one for the Dan Beard design team).

4. On the other hand, that five-foot wake is going to end the prospects for sailing, if you have been fool enough to set off with the mast stepped. That's right: step and partner, both, effectively demolished by whiplash.

Repairs done may be good enough to prevent a repeat of this, but in the example at hand they took so long (for which of us all can devote full time to these avocations?) that this could not be verified in 1992. So much for the 1992 Kayak Point Messabout!

5. The smallest possible outboard—in this case, the smallest Cruise 'n' Carry—is going to propel you at acceptable speeds and very efficiently. But the stops to refuel—and the drifting into shoals and mud-banks while you do so—will become an annoyance before too long.

R.W. Ödlin, Sedro-Wooley, WA

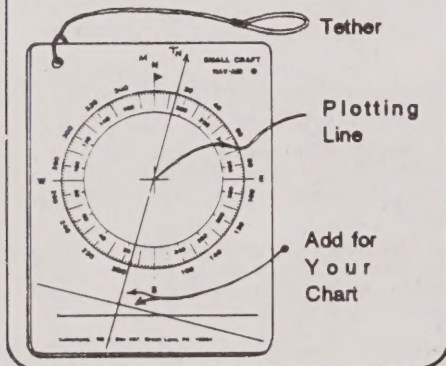


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BLACKBURN CHALLENGE 1993

By Bill Woodhead



The Annual Blackburn Challenge race around Cape Ann, Massachusetts, was held on July 17th, 1993. This event celebrates the saga of Howard Blackburn of Gloucester and perhaps all Gloucester fishermen. In 1883, seventeen vessels and two hundred and nine lives were lost in the Gloucester fisheries. In January of that year Howard and his dorymate Thomas Welch were lost in a snowstorm from the schooner Grace L. Fears on Burgeo Bank, 60 miles south of Newfoundland while trawl fishing for halibut. Howard survived, rowing his dead partner to the land, losing parts of his hands and feet in the process, but demonstrating the sort of seamanship that all the SATNAVs and other yuppie paraphernalia in the world can't replace.

"Lone Voyager" by Joseph Garland will give some idea of why people are inspired to take part in this race. The course is 21 miles, more or less, up the Annisquam River, across the top of the Cape to Halibut Point, down past Rockport to Eastern Point and up the length of Gloucester Harbor, ending at Ten Pound Island.

The boats start in heats by class, starting with the Banks dories that Howard was familiar with. Ocean sculls get around in 3 hours or less, so they leave last. In between are the racing kayaks, wave skis and the multi-oared boats, which finish around the three hour mark. Some take 5 to 6 hours. As far as physical comfort, conditions were good, not hot, a slight haze, but the wind and sea across the top of the cape must have cut into the times somewhat, more in the larger boats, such as 'Ockham's Razor', which was 15 minutes slower than last year.

There were lots of multi-oars that didn't show up; what is the Blackburn without an Irish curragh and the Gloucester seine boats? The Scilly Isles gig "Siren

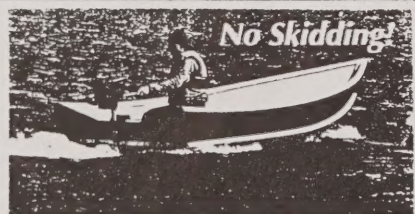
Song" sits on her trailer at Montgomery's yard, reportedly for sale.

First overall and first in class (sliding seat, single, male) at 2:57:46 went to Bradford Smith in a Maas Aero 24 which is a record on this course. Gavin Watson and Jim Watson (kayak doubles, male) obliterated the old record of 3:41:21 with a time of 3:10:57. This boat was actually a proa; wish I knew more about it. Frank Meda, a paraplegic rower again competed in the "Kittery", which was four and a half minutes behind "Ockham's Razor".

First overall, seniors (60+) went to Ernest Runnels in a sliding single. First overall masters (45-59) went to Doug Bushnell in his racing kayak X-Par Missile, less than 3 minutes behind the winner. Doug is at the upper limit of this age group, paddling competitively as well as designing these marvellous boats. Nancy Lubas was first overall women masters.

The seamanship award went to William King, who capsized several times in his Wave Piercer kayak and withdrew at the Rockport option. The Perseverance Award for the for the last boat to finish went to Randy Hock. The Sportsmanship Award went to Gary Blankenship who had been passed and then paced around the course by Ben Booth in a Gloucester Light Dory. Ben lost his way at the finish line (not easy to find) and Gary stopped and waited for him to come back on course and finish ahead of him.

Finally, the Thomas Welch Award went to Ernest and Jake Steller. This is a non-rowing partner award in honor of Howard Blackburn's deceased dorymate. I don't know who played the role of Welch.



DIABLO: 15' by 5' by 30 MPH

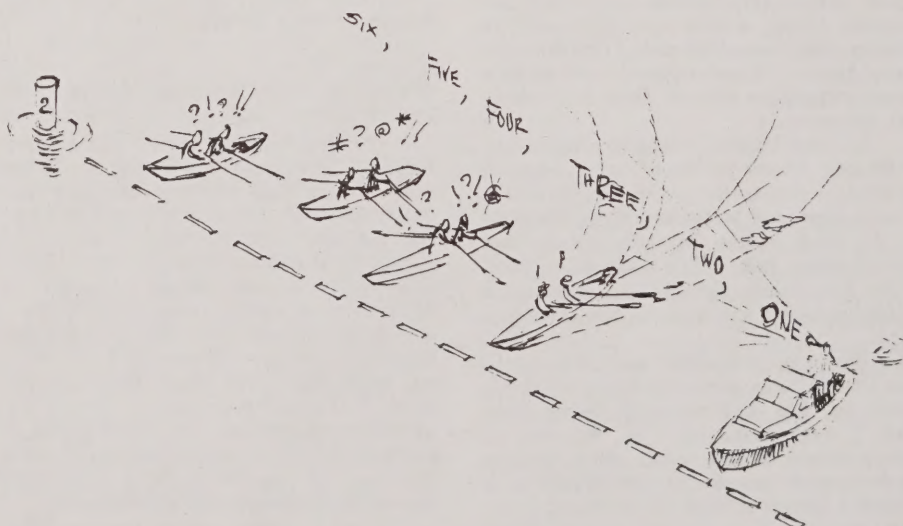
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Multi-Oar Fixed Seat with Coxswain:

1-(03:17:15) Mainville Pilot 26 "Ockham's Razor". Eric Jensen, Nancy Lubas, Frank Mainville, Andy Parks, Steve Reich.

2-(03:21:45) Scilly Isles Pilot Gig "Kittery". Michael Cushing, Dennis Glidden, Mike Martin, Fred Meda, Jr., Dan O'Reilly, Tom Page, Mark Peters.

Multi-Oar Fixed Seat w/o Coxswain:

1-(03:53:04) Mainville Pilot 21 "Equal Rights". Gina Lampassi, Angela Morrissey, Tammy Morrissey.

Banks Dory:

1-(04:05:41) Mike Morrissey, Scott Morrissey.

2-(04:14:52) Lunenberg. Crew: Burt Jenness, Mike Jenness.

3-(04:33:35) John Lefavour, Ed Rivers.

Fixed Double, Mixed Crew:

1-(05:01:31) Swampscott Dory. Jane MacDonald Poirier, Joseph Poirier.

2-(06:14:35) Culler Swampscott Dory "Dancing Feather". Vivienne Woodhead, William H. Woodhead.

3-(06:19:35) St. Lawrence Skiff]. Amanda Clark, Joe Clark.

Fixed Double, Men:

1-(03:53:20) Aborn Stretched Piscataqua Wherry. Peter Fleming, Ray Fleming.

2-(03:59:53) Whitehall. Steve Barnes, William Gribbel.

3-(04:27:10) Old Town XL Tripper 20'. Jay Blake, Stanley Blake, Charles Traver.

Fixed Single, Men:

1-(04:22:14) Middle Path Skua. Cliff Punchard.

2-(04:44:25) Delaware Ducker. Benjamin A.G. Fuller.

3-(04:48:30) Salisbury Point Dory Skiff "Jordan Lynn". Thomas S. McAllister.

Sliding Seat Double, Women:

1-(04:24:29) Mainville Pilot 21. Joan M. Mainville, Dawn M. Spunzo.

Sliding Seat Double, Men:

1-(03:01:59) Small Craft. Ben Lathrop, Russell Smith.

2-(04:41:26) Alden. George Davis, Stephen Dexter.

Sliding Seat Single, Men:

1-(02:57:46) Maas Aero 24. Bradford Smith (Fastest Overall Time).

2-(03:11:24) Alden Star. Dana Gaines.

3-(03:29:46) Maas Aero 24. Douglas McCaig.

Kayak Double, Mixed:

1-(03:58:40) Aleut Sea II (VCP). Jim Duff, Kevin Sparks.

Kayak Double, Men:

1-(03:10:57) Custom]. Gavin Watson, Jim Watson.

2-(03:29:27) Bushnell K-2. Jim Deyle, Ralph Greco.

3-(04:10:21) Klepper Aerius II Exp. Harry Brock, Mark Le Saffre.

Kayak Racing Single, Men:

1-(03:06:19) Wave Excel. Chip Coward.

2-(03:09:06) X-Par Missile. Douglas Bushnell.

3-(03:09:46) Wave Excel. Larry Thomas.

Kayak Touring Single, Women:

1-(03:48:43) Arluk 1.8. Alison Taylor.

2-(03:54:06) Buchanan Caribou. Louise Masailo.

3-(04:03:59) Arluk 1.8. Tamsin Venn.

Kayak Touring Single, Men:

1-(03:14:30) Buchanan Caribou. Thomas M. Mailhot.

2-(03:36:19) Gillies Glooscap. Mark Jacobson.

3-(03:38:01) New Wave (Slender). William R. Graf.

Wave-Ski Racing, Men:

1-(03:18:40) Two Good Chalup-Ski. Arthur Cholakis.

2-(03:19:59) Surf Ski. Edward Duggan.

3-(03:34:35) Surf Ski. Donald Swift.

Special Awards:

First Overall, Men: (02:57:46) Maas Aero 24. Bradford Smith.

First Overall, Women: (03:48:43) Arluk 1.8. Alison Taylor.

First Overall, Mixed: (04:40:29) Banks Dory. Dana Josephson, Elin af Klinteberg.

Seniors 61 or Over: (03:43:57) Julienne. Ernest Runnells.

Masters 45 - 60: (03:09:06) X-Par Missile. Douglas Bushnell.

"Thomas Welch" Award for Single with Passenger: (DNF) Steller 18' Bateau. Jake Steller, Ernest W. Steller, Jr.

Sportsmanship: (05:40:10) Bolger Spur II. Gary Blankenship.

Perseverance: (06:42:35) Lowell Surf Dory. Randy Hock.

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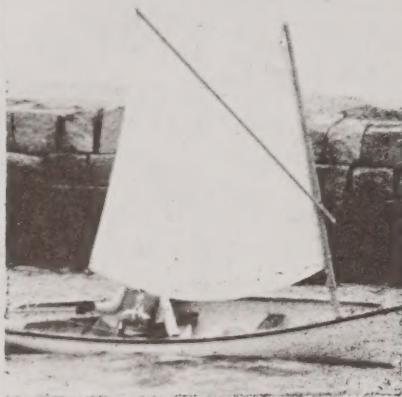
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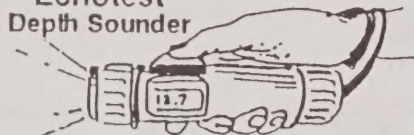
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Bill & Viv Row Round Cape Ann



By Bill Woodhead

"Let's go bail out "Feather" and do the Blackburn Challenge," I suggested to Vivienne.

"Right, and I'll be a wimp if I don't," she replied.

"Well, we've got a couple of weeks, we can practice, talk to our therapists and we can bail out anywhere along the route."

"I'll be bailing anyway," she snapped.

I thought that was it, but the next morning she sat up in bed and asked, "We don't have any spare oars, do we? Would you have time to make a pair?" Viv's a competitor; hayfever and asthma notwithstanding, she's thinking about breaking oars.

"Dancing Feather" is a 17 foot Swampscott dory. You could look her up in "Spritsails and Lugsails"; she is one of Pete Culler's heavier experiments (but a beautiful boat, I hasten to add, in case we decide to offer her for sale). From the moment we got her we've also called her "Cormorant", because she doesn't have much oil left in her feathers. I also named her "Row vs Wade" in appreciation of an old joke about Dan Quayle. Something about General Washington and the Delaware River, you figure it out. Start with "he's so dumb that he thinks..."

So we practised. We carried rocks from Granite Pier to adjust trim. We carried our friend Jeanne and her dog Bilka as helmspeople (helmsmammals?) and despite the extra weight, this combination seemed to balance the boat best. It did nothing for speed I suspect, but the conversational gambits were quite remarkable. In the end though, Jeanne and Bilka had to bow(wow?) out, and we settled on gallon jugs of water as moveable, useable and jettisonable ballast.

By race day the wind had swung around to the northwest, so from Halibut Point down to Eastern Point was all downhill. We would be free to drink the ballast and jettison it by transpiration - science! I took out the centerboard and tacked a piece of pine into the slot. I hung the rudder and lashed it to the gunwales with several turns around the tiller so that it could be set to correct for wind and current. We bought

Chunkys and Gatorade, and stuffed Gold Bond talcum powder into our shorts; there should be money for endorsements.

We rowed down to the start area. There sat the "Spirito Santo", a Strawberry Banke dory, barely 10 feet on the waterline. "There's at least one boat we can beat", I said, not too loudly, remembering I hadn't made the spare oars. We spoke to the newly built dory "Coastal Discovery" whose crew were wishing they had had enough time to make some nine and a half foot oars. Gazing ruefully over my eight foot oars, I wondered how long it would have taken to make three pair.

I decided it was time to get my game face on, to think some positive thought. Viv thought it was time to bail a few gallons of water. John Spencer of the Cape Ann Rowing Club thought it was time to start the heats. The slowest types go first, that would be the Banks dories. I remembered them from '90, when I had last raced, their high freeboard causing their oars to reach down into the water at too great an angle for efficient rowing. From a distance, rowers seem to be just dipping their oars in the water and lifting them out. This may be because the blades don't move in the water. You see them enter, see them lift out and miss the relative advance. Going past Good Harbor Beach, I calculated; at 9 feet between dips divided into 5280 feet, make that 10 feet into 5280 times 21 mles, that's 11,088, let's say 12,000 dips in the water. When you think about it like that you start making faster dips thinking it will be over sooner, but the 12 or 13 miles behind you have imprinted a cadence and degree of effort that seem appropriate to the boat set-up and sea conditions, and you're back into it.

"Feather" was in heat number four and the boats were edging to the right side of the line to shorten the distance to the first turn under Route 128. We held back and as John counted down, I suggested to Viv that we could hit the line at the gun at hull speed, what you call a "hole-shot" in drag racing. "No sense in getting everyone mad," I countered my own suggestion.

The race started and I saw "Spirito

Santo" jumping out with the leaders, everything in synch, the stroke and effort precisely balanced to the demands of the hull. "Short waterlines probably accelerate quickly," I thought "and that high beat will wear them out, the cross seas on top of the Cape will mix them up; that's where we'll take them..."

"We'll pass them eventually," I told Viv, "but for now let's just find our own pace." The Banks dories, mixed and unmixed crews, had left 9 and 6 minutes before us. We would not be catching up with them, with their oars at too great an angle for efficient rowing, nor would my prediction about "Spirito Santo" appear to have any bearing on the outcome.

The tide was still flooding and so we proceeded up the Annisquam against a slight current, but our thoughts were taken up with navigation and moored boats and watching the parade of faster boats sweeping by; doubles and singles, a sculled double canoe with outrigger amas and a beefy cox using his steering paddle as an effective propulsion device, a proa and lots of kayaks. Near the mouth of the river at Lobster Cove we came alongside a father and daughter team rowing a lovely St. Lawrence skiff or Adirondack guide boat (I'm not sure), but they had a CD player blasting out "Phantom of the Opera". A tempo change had disrupted their stroke, slowing them temporarily, and as we came up on them, Vivienne asked mischievously if they had any Barry Manilow.

"I think so", the daughter replied and bent to look. At that point she dropped her oar and we were safely past. A bright finished single Swampscott dory pulled alongside, lost his rhythm, and fell off.

"All that varnish causes drag," I called over, trying to sound friendly. We should have kept our mouths shut. Both these boats were on our case the rest of the way. Out onto Ipswich Bay, the Gulf of Maine, with the wind aft of our beam, we switched some ballast aft to reduce the windage astern.

The Doug Bushnell contingent of racing kayaks, the Wave XL's and X-PAR Missiles, came by, quickly to be sure. They seemed unremarkable, but the Missiles are twenty three feet long. Considering all I've read about the conflicting issues of buoyancy and windage in respect to waterline length, there's a whole other story here. Maybe even a theory or two.

After a certain time on the ocean the

surface seems to swell up and you think you're going uphill. I've got a theory about that. You get to develop theories when you're out at sea. What we see is a mental interpretation of what we look at; normally we are focussed on the high definition area of our retinas, straight ahead, but squeezed into a horizontal format by the position of our eyes, facial structure, and muscle habits to form a horizontal world.

We are preoccupied with perceiving what we know to be straight lines as straight lines. Otherwise the only straight lines we would see would be those that intersect the vanishing point straight ahead of us on the horizon. You could name some special cases, but let's keep it simple. All other straight objects curve around these reference lines; the further they are to the side, the more they curve. By convention, and for convenience, we've learned methods of depicting these lines as straight within pictorial rules.

Boating is time spent on a surface without any lasting features, and those not simply involved in hedonistic pursuits (you know who I mean) will be trying to put some order onto this chaotic surface. One of the reasons you tire quickly on the water is because of increased visual work, but also the mental analysis and integration of observation into a complex mental picture, part large screen, part flat chart. We're breaking our simple pictorial rules. Not only is our ability to comprehend a large angle of vision increased but you add time to the mix. You're not going down a road, but you are tracing a virtual dotted line; memory retains sightings and lines of position, and the perception of the surface begins to develop a structure. Memory and vision and perception become interactive (you thought you had to wait for Microsoft?) and ... there are those damned curved lines.

"Straighten them out!" our cortex screams and the result is that the surface of the ocean gets pushed up. Nothing for it but to row up over it. That's my theory. Part B is for those of you who have not experienced horizon swelling. It has to do with what I call kinanaesthesia, which is about planing hulls, loud motors, girls named Donna and Budweiser. I explained this theory to Viv between the 12,000 dips of the oars (24,000 for both of us had we stayed in synch) but I'm not sure she was listening.

Try this. The next time you feel the

earth rising and falling after you've been at sea for a while and come ashore, stop and feel your pulse. Get it? Once I was living aboard "Security" and when she was hauled out, she was not quite level. I went to bed the first night and my brain waited all night for her to straighten up and roll the other way.

They rose up on either side of us, overtaking, climbing over the swollen horizon, multi-oars flashing. The "Kittery", a six-oared Scilly Isles pilot gig on the left, pitching over the swells which were slightly forward of the beam. She was banging hard, giving little quarter to "Ockham's Razor", the Mainville Pilot 26, which held the advantage, passing close on our right, advancing as if on a wire, certain rules of physics suspended, unmindful of sea-state, the waters giving way, on a mission, four oars stroking to an insistent cadence plied by four confident All-American Princeton educated Van Heusen shirt models, with fiances named Selena and Solange draped languorously against the Packard.

No multi-chine stitch-and-glue cleverness, this is hydrodynamics and materials technology take-no-prisoners Americas Cup stuff. Deceptively simple in form, its blunt bow and lack of pitching hinting at lots of computer time, and then they were gone. The sun was climbing higher in the slight haze. The women-powered Mainville 21 "Equal Rights" went by, then the last of the kayaks. Behind us, alternately gaining and then falling back, lurked the father-daughter team and the bright finished dory. About 8,000 dips to go (16,000 if you count both of us).

Postscript: Keen observers will remember that I did the dip calculation at Good Harbor Beach and couldn't have known the figure at the point my narrative leaves off. This is quite true, and a good thing too. You shouldn't quantify your pain. I think we, the last three boats, kept each other at it in our 6 hour ordeal. I doubt that many of the boats knew the agony of the last two miles with the ebbing tide running along the breakwater at at least two knots. Asked to explain what it felt like to row a dory twenty-one miles, I compared it to the Boston Marathon and said, "Put your dory on the road beside Wellesley College. I think if you got a better offer, you'd leave it there." But on the other hand, I have done it twice, and if I had a three-hour boat....

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The Wicked Flea On Casco Bay

By Michael Badham

("The wicked flee when no man pursueth..." Proverbs XXVIII,1)

There's a wickedly delicious sense of satisfaction to be gained in the aftermath of pottering along like any other 22' cruising auxiliary, and a dirty great high-speed trawler or glittering macho outboard whooshes past leaving you lurching and lumbering in his wake. That part's irksome and discourteous, of course. But then the satisfaction comes as you fire up the 75hp Mercury, put the throttle to the wall, and re-pass the bandit at anything up to 25mph with the 160 sq.ft. sliding gunter mainsail aloft and asleep and, apparently, pulling.

You get some funny looks, believe me!

The "Wicked Flea", home port Merrymeeting Bay in Maine, was a long time a'coming. Conceived in '81, she was honed on paper for three years before we took the plunge and gave builder Jack Winninghoff the word.

Thus, on April 2, '85, I towed an empty aluminum shell from Rowley, MA, to park it on our snow-covered lawn. Nobody else was home. I climbed on a trailer wheel, and peered inside. It was daunting. We had exactly forty-four days in which to meet our self-imposed deadline, to convert that tin can into a liveable, functional, crowd-pleasing exhibit for the forthcoming Small Boat Show at Newport, RI. And that's a book in itself. But we made it.

A sunny summer followed while we experimented with our revolutionary creation, a planing motor sailer, and a minimal number of bugs came to light. This was truly amazing. Amazing, because the "Flea" was the prototype. Sure, she'd done fine on paper, But we'd been reckless enough to gamble on showing her to the discriminating show patrons, virtually untried, untested and untuned.

Well, okay, we did have a couple of problems along the way like..., but what the hell, it all came out all right in the end.

The winter of '85 saw the "Flea" back in Rowley to have the only important bug that had revealed itself, squashed. Now, provided we exercise it at regular intervals and keep it clear of accumulated crud, the board can be relied upon to do its thing, go down when we want it to, that is.

We also converted the 20-gallon fresh water tank to carry fuel, thus doubling our capacity. For water storage, we now use those plastic half-gallon vodka bottles hitched to the lower end of the tube from the galley sink pump. We seem to have plenty of them, empty plastic bottles, that is.

Also, during the winter, we had our good friends at Windsong Canvas in South Freeport, ME, design and build us the most versatile tent/awning for the cockpit ever seen. Now, the two (sometimes three) girls under their bug-tight, water-tight, everything-tight shelter, which makes their sleeping quarters contiguous with ours (the cabin), are made to feel that they're really part of the group at night, not like they're camping out on their own.

It has a zippered door, and is capable of having either side panel, and/or back or front, rolled up out of the way, and serves nicely and simply as a straight overhead sun awning, and even that can be halved.

Also, this spring, we acquired an echo-sounder and a hand-held VHF, both on sale. Inevitably, the teak spice rack, bathroom cabinet, paper towel holder, glass rack, etc. have begun to make their appearances; but only after a season establishing what we really needed.

So the summer of '86 found us holed up one night on the first leg of a Casco Bay cruise in a freak of nature called "The Basin", that (almost) totally land-locked lagoon off the New Meadows River in mid-coast Maine.

Neither the weather, nor calls of duty, made it possible for our cruise to go uninterrupted. It was an on again, off again affair. But for the most part, there was me ("and a right good captain too"), commanding a "right good crew" consisting of wife Ann (a circumnavigator in her time), and daughters Leslie (14) and Ashley (10), veterans of assorted waterborne digressions ranging from catamaraning on Ireland's River Shannon to bareboating in the Abacos.

And then, who could forget her, there was Fiona, our 10-year old Maine Irish Children's Program guest for five weeks from Belfast, Northern Ireland. She'd been on the water exactly once before joining

this nutty family living on, or largely in, Merrymeeting Bay. Her second trip afloat was on July 4th when we took her down the Kennebec, strong wind against ditto tide, bumpy and wet, to see the fireworks at Bath, and she'd laughed happily all the way.

"But I thought it was meant to be like that," she said, when we'd arrived and the girls asked her if she'd found it scary. Such is the bliss of ignorance.

There were the animals too, of course, two dogs and three cats. They hate missing out on a cruise, and came and went in shifts.

However... there we were in The Basin, alone. Tranquillity undiluted. A welcome change of pace.

Thirty minutes earlier, we'd been bowling down the river before a healthy nor'wester. Then I nodded towards a darker shaded area of the impenetrable looking cliff of rock and pine on our port bow.

"Must be the entrance," I said, turning towards it.

I should mention here that Ashley had coined a new and logical seafaring verb, "t'warding"; as in "where are we t'warding now, Mummy? Is it Great Chebeague?"

And shortly, it seemed, we were t'warding the black hole ahead of us at one hell of a speed, sleigh-riding along as we entered the little fjord which funnelled the wind at our stern so that we crashed ahead even faster towards what I began to wonder might not be the jaws of death.

The chart said the channel went 120 degrees to port after a few hundred yards. Well that's what it showed, but the towering wall of rock ahead of us and on both bows seemed to tell a different story.

Ann, the real navigator in the family (she twice found Bermuda for us years ago by counting all those little green men scampering across the loran screen, and long before they'd become as sophisticated as they are today) said not to worry, have a beer.

We could, of course, I know, have started the mighty Merc, rounded up, lowered the sail, and breathed freely. But that wasn't the point. We were playing sailors, and rounding up under sail to short-tack off a lee shore in that tiny channel, would tax

the most nimble of motor-sailers.

Blessedly, and before long, the second part of the dog-leg channel opened up to port (just as I'd known it would), the wind eased and we found our berth. Unbelievably, the haven was ours alone for the night except for one latecomer who, said Ann darkly, "Looks like a generator person". Mercifully, it turned out, he wasn't.

"How on earth d'you keep children amused aboard a small boat?" people ask.

Well, I can claim to know a bit about that. My older kids crossed the Atlantic with me twice, once aged two and four, and again aged four and six. And now, in The Basin, watching the girls doodling around in the black and yellow inflatable, the "Wicked Bee", feeding the gulls, beach-combing amongst monstrous piles of vacated mussel shells and winkles on the foreshore, and then returning on board and asking for the tape that goes "Da da da" while not once complaining of the lack of television, all this seems to provide the answer. Children are so adaptable, and will almost always make their own fun.

A word about the "Flea" and her pedigree. Simply, that word is "design", defined succinctly in the title of a book by Hurwitz as "A search for essentials". And there were certain "essentials" required of a design to accommodate the constraints of nature where we do most of our boating, and to meet our own personal preferences. But there wasn't such a boat on the market.

You see, there's an eight foot tidal rise and fall outside our bedroom window, which means that water rushes regularly in and out of the Bay at three to four knots. Most of the non-land bits on the chart are colored green, which means that at low water numerous sandbanks are visible, though they shift about quite a bit without warning when you're not watching. We have an island ten miles away by water, but getting there means negotiating some fast-moving water including the Sasanoa River which, at times, can qualify for a class four white water rating.

So, I hear you cry, "What's the problem? Any fast, shoal-draft runabout should handle all that, shouldn't it?"

To which, my answer is "Yes", but then again, "No, not for us, that is."

The thing is, we've sailed professionally and for fun all our lives, and we don't want to stop. And, right here, a regular sailboat just won't fit the bill. Frankly, we've no desire at all to be stuck out there way after martini time, bucking a foul tide, and with nothing but a failing breeze and a small Seagull to get us home in water where it's too shoal to drop the board and make like we're going to windward, just for the heck of it.

No. And so the "essentials" were codified resulting in a planing motor sailer, one that could sleep four in (relative) comfort, be beachable, go fast, and sail. The ruggedness and minimal maintenance of aluminum were not yet in the equation, but were subsequently to be welcomed.

The concept began to crystallize after I'd been to Rowley in '81 to evaluate Winninghoff Boats, Inc.'s 20-ft Rowley skiff, an open, aluminum flyer for work or pleasure. The hand-held pitot speedo ran out of tube at 35mph with the boat pro-

pelled by a beat-up 11-year old Johnson.

Back ashore, we discussed a PC (pocket cruiser) version, a week-ender with a cabin. They built her, and she looked good. She'd look a lot better, thought I, stretched a couple of feet and with a sailing rig.

Thus, a bull session was convened at "The Same Old Place", a coffee house in Rowley, with Winninghoff, Pieter Kroon (an experienced boatbuilder from Holland), and myself in attendance.

Reams of scratch paper and gallons of coffee later, we went our several ways, confident that small boat history was in the making.

Now, back to Casco Bay. To start with, it's big, with 365 islands dotted about to prove it (the Pilot says 136, but the natives know better). In either case, there are countless guide and cruising books to describe them, which lets me off the hook.

However, what I haven't seen mentioned in any of these tomes, is a delightful watering place a few miles south of The Basin called the "Water's Edge". Brainchild of 25-year old Jessie Varian (shortly to be Sutfin), artist, and entrepreneur like her father, owner of the fish wharf at Sebasco where this high-value eating establishment is sited, it's a must for anyone visiting the area.

Several picnic tables line the shore where, as the eye-catching brochure says, "One can dine among the fishermen on the rocky coast of Maine". The menu has much to choose from, and the value is outstanding. You bring your own booze, and there's nothing so peaceful as to sit there sipping wine with your shellfish, watching the terns and listening to the gulls, while looking out over the islands towards the Atlantic. Start chatting with the Varians, and you may never want to leave.

Finding somewhere to anchor among the myriad colorful lobster buoys and ledge is best solved by approaching the wharf and asking advice. If there's space available, you may be invited alongside.

Across the narrow channel lies the now deserted island of Malaga, with a history shrouded in mystery and myth. The

site of a racially mixed settlement until it was callously rooted out by the State of Maine in 1912, no one seems sure of the origins of the inhabitants. There are many versions, but the one that appeals to me is where it is said that lonely Casco Bay ship captains would embark dusky beauties in far-off tropical isles to comfort them on their voyages. Just short of joyful reunions with their spouses further up the Bay, these God-fearing gents would dump their concubines on Malaga until their services were required again for another sojourn away from hearth and home.

Walk ashore there, and don't say afterwards that your senses didn't tell you somehow that you'd just as soon be back aboard again.

I'd recommend a newcomer to Casco Bay call first at Spring Point Marina and ask for Jeff Vaughan. Besides being "Maine's largest full service boating facility", it's conveniently situated in South Portland where you can't miss it if you're coming from the south (which you almost certainly will be if you're visiting the Bay for the first time).

Spring Point has everything, and I mean everything, including a brochure detailing, among other things, such handy information as Casco Bay's "Five most popular fishing spots", and "Five most popular anchorages" (which include The Basin, of course).

South Freeport Marine at the head of the Harraseeket River is nothing short of comprehensive in the services it offers, as well.

But then, a must for the newcomer, is a section in the annual publication, "Boating Down East". It's called "Snug Harbors Down East" and is put out by, would you believe, the editors of "Down East" magazine. The Portland/South Portland/Casco Bay listings include 29 boatyards, marinas and yacht clubs, detailing what they offer in 23 column headings starting with phone number and VHF channel monitored, and progressing through whether moorings are available, fuel, repairs, grub, showers, laundromat, the lot. Invaluable. But, inexplicably, the active and convenient little New Meadows Marina at the head of the river of that name, has been excluded.

Warning. An extract from the "Pilot" reads, "There is a thorofare from the north end of Harpswell Sound through Long Reach to the New Meadows River. It is occasionally used by local boats. The channel is narrow, has a depth of about six feet, and has many dangers; The tidal currents are strong, and the thorofare should not be used by strangers. It is sometimes marked bush stakes".

All of which is true.

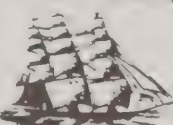
But what isn't mentioned is that all those bush stakes in Long Reach are surmounted by little fluttering pieces of red material. "Red Right Returning", wouldn't you assume?

Well, if you did, you'd be wrong. The channel is on the opposite side to that which you'd expect. Menacing rocks, all too visible in the clear waters and judicious use of our new depth-sounding toy, brought that one home to us before we found out the hard way.

Finally, to "do" Casco Bay thoroughly would take a whole summer at



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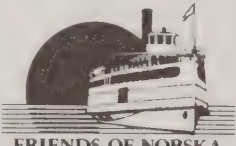



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least, even if you are lucky enough, as we are, to be able to zip between points of interest at 20 knots and pausing to take advantage of Aeolis as the spirit moves.

"Casco Bay is full of small islands, ledges and rocks," reads the "Pilot". "Most of the dangers are marked, and the waters well charted, so that, with the aid of the chart no difficulty should be experienced in navigating Casco Bay in clear weather."

Ergo, this is no place for eye-balling, one: and, two, fog is a fact of life on the Maine coast. Bill Robinson once told in "Yachting" magazine of Julys in Maine that offered fog for 29 days out of 31, hence the "in clear weather" qualifier to the above notation.

The late Humphrey Barton, Commodore of the Ocean Cruising Club and veteran of many Atlantic crossings, once wrote in my visitor's book, "Never, never sail at night/ Always keep the land in sight."

To which I would add, for more localized consumption, "When in Maine there's trace of fog, nip ashore, and walk the dog."



The "Wicked Flea"

This revolutionary planing motor-sailer is 22' 3" long, has a 7' 6" beam, draws 8" with the 75hp Mercury tilted, 23" with it down, and 4' with centerboard lowered. She is constructed of a combination of 3/16", 5/32" & 1/8" aluminum.

She has a sliding gunter rig with a mainsail of 160 sq ft and a jib of 35 sq ft. The mast is in a tabernacle, and can be lowered to reduce wind resistance when under power, and for trailering. The 50lb centerboard is raised and lowered manually from within the cabin. A pop-up sailing rudder and tiller is fitted, in addition to wheel steering for when under power.

There are two 86" bunks in the cabin with stowage under, a separate Porta-Potti WC compartment, a galley with sink and fresh water pump from portable plastic containers, and a fully gimballed, bulkhead mounted propane stove. In the cabin top is a ventilation hatch, solar operated vent fan, and there are large plexiglass windows in the cabin sides. The anchor rode locker is accessible through a hatch in the forward bulkhead.


There are two integral 20-gallon fuel tanks, and a 6-gallon porta-tank. Two 75" upholstered cockpit seats with storage under (including two 80 A/H batteries) serve as extra berths under a waterproof tent awning. There are three air flotation compartments, one forward and two aft.

The boat has been clocked at over 20mph under power, and is handy under sail.

This motorsailer is a development of the Rowley Skiff, some seventy of which have been built and sold by Winninghoff Boats, Inc., of Rowley, Massachusetts. The skiff was adapted to be a pocket motor cruiser by the addition of an 8' cabin with windows. The installation of spars and tabernacle, rudder, centerboard and trunk (which supports the hinged cabin table) resulted in the planing motorsailer.

The boat is complete with welded aluminum two-axle trailer, from which launching and hauling can easily be accomplished.

She is for sale for \$17,500 (she cost \$25,000 to build). Owners are Michael & Ann Badham, RFD2, Box 180, Bath, ME 04530, (207) 442-8636.



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Arey's Pond Gathering

We had a great showing for our 1st Annual Arey's Pond Catboat Gathering at Arey's Pond Boatyard in S. Orleans, Massachusetts on August 14th. A fleet of 16 catboats assembled for an afternoon of racing on nearby Pleasant Bay. The fleet included Marshall 18's to Arey's Pond Kittens and a Beetle Cat, with one restored 1898 Crosby. Overall winner was Richard Lovis' Marshall 18, "Mistress", but Joe Tamsky's race equipped Beetle gave all the Marshalls a run for it. Peter Campbell won the Arey's Pond Kitten Class.

We had a nice weather with a gentle but steady breeze, and it was great to see so many cats set sail on the bay. Following the racing everyone gathered at our boatyard for awards and a cookout. We look forward to a 1994 event with even more catboats of all kinds.

Tony Davis, Arey's Pond Boatyard, Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662.



Somes Sound Rowing Classic

The 9th Annual Somes Sound Rowing Classic took place July 3rd in fog with a southeast wind on an incoming tide over a triangular 2.8 mile course off Southwest Harbor, Maine. Forty-two participants turned out in thirty-one boats, a great turnout.

Fastest around the course was Jeff Foltz, winning the Elite Shells Class in 23:16, ahead of the next four fastest boats, all Elite Shells Class, including fastest woman, Kinley Gregg turning in a time of 25:13. Kayak Class winner Norm Hawes was 6th overall in 26:14 just edging Ace Borie and Francis Ballard, Double Alden winners in 26:21. Alden Singles winner Henry Bird was 10th overall in 27:24. Bill Gribbel and Steve Barnses topped the Fixed Seat Multi-Oar Class with 28:40, good for 13th overall, and Dan O'Reilly won the Fixed Seat Singles Class in 30:31 for 19th overall.



My introduction to sailing involved building a one-design craft somewhere in the Lake-of-the Woods, Canada. It seems that about nine days northwest of Ely, Minnesota, my Boy Scout expedition was faced with a hot day on a large lake with the allure of canoeing in the wilderness fading as quickly as our stamina during the last portage.

After much discussion we lashed the five canoes together. A large ground cloth was pressed into service as a sail and two canoe paddles provided the only rigging. There were no sea trials as this was the all or nothing theory of sailboat design. We never found out if our penta-maran would come about, however a run down the wilderness lake on that summer day is the reason I call our Sea Pearl "Magic".

As the years pass and the pressures of life in the big city increase it becomes imperative that we find some means of escape lasting longer than our day sails. It was a serious bout of cabin fever that forced the issue. You see Mr. E. suffered a stroke last winter and whatever our displeasure with the other's company it is unwise for either of us to venture into the Gulf of Mexico alone. The Evinrude people said it was one of his coils and a transplant was required. My wife insisted that it was obviously Mr. E's microwave that was faulty. When pressed she explained that since I had neglected to repair her microwave some months earlier, well you can imagine the rest.

With an adventure afoot, of what consequence is a microwave anyway?

There is an island or "key", if you believe the advertising, just north of Fort DeSoto Park, Florida, that had been our first successful landfall years ago in our Sea Pearl. Besides being a nostalgic favorite, I figured that if things got too bad we could just pack up and go home, navigating Bunces' Pass by moonlight, if need be.

The combination of "Magic" not having a cabin tent and my lack of conviction that two average sized adults could actually inhabit a Sea Pearl and survive with marriage intact prevented the investment to go cruising. I imagined common sailing commands would have to be altered and used in our sleep. "Ready-a-roll!" would replace the ever popular "ready-about".

Initially the cost of the cabin tent may seem a bit high, however, the first mate points out one must consider that it comes with a new built-in wall oven and a new built-in range top. I was unable to confirm this by my copy of the option price list supplied by Marine Concepts. Apparently first mates receive a different edition of boating catalogs than the captains. Subsequent negotiations allowed me to substitute a glass canoe for a range hood but no doubt the next boat improvement will have something to do with a built-in dishwasher.

The First Mate dictated that we pack a tent in case the boom tent I had hastily constructed the night before failed to work. I think she just wanted to keep her microwave dry.

According to my understanding of tidal charts, we should enjoy favorable tides and the moon should be full. I had planned to motor to our destination, since we were leaving after work, so the wind should not

Adventures of the "Magic Pearl"

Attack of the Night Pirates

By Matt Maloy

be much of a problem.

A re-coiled Mr. E., along with his new microwave, delivered us to the west end of Bunce's Pass with dispatch. The tide apparently didn't read the tidal chart as it was busily rushing out as if offended by our presence. The "Winter Hurricane" had narrowed the north channel mouth to about eight feet. Our destination was directly into the strong north wind, the water depth varied from full lee board to hard aground before you could shout "Hard-a-lee", not to mention the problems caused by the easily offended tide.

In the failing light of day I could not read the water well enough to risk Mr. E. The forces of nature precluded paddling, sailing or poling, however conditions were correct for the little known sailing tactic of "muling". Simply stated, a crew member, usually the Captain, grabs the bow line and pulls like a mule until sailable water is found.

The mule got tired about the time we reached our anchorage. When I saw the huge red sun sinking behind an Australian pine tree framed by sea oats and sand dunes all thought of setting the proper boom tent evaporated.

Sometimes, when the conditions are just so, the artist within allows me to grasp the reality of the event and feel the earth move rather than the sun set. Linda and I crossed to the Gulf side of our deserted island intent watch the drama unfold expecting the vertigo that results when the conscious mind sees something that only the artist can understand. Looking out to sea I can view the entire horizon, part of which includes the "setting" sun as a bright light surrounded by darkness on either side. The colors cover the entire spectrum. For the encore the eastern sky revels in the reflected colors of the now set sun in it's clouds.

It was dark by the time we found the north end of our island. The bright lights of the city sparkled to the northeast. To the southeast we could see the glow of the Sunshine Skyway bridge appearing as two large sloops sailing away to some unknown adventure. To the south Egmont Key light house flashed it's message of affirmation across the dark water. To the west the sea met the stars in a brilliance these displaced country folk have not seen in a very long while.

We have lived in the city for nearly a decade and had come to regard traffic noise and light as omnipresent. In our rapture of being alone on our island in paradise we had not given any thought of how to find the boat after darkness had set in. The moon apparently went out to party with the tide. We were so overwhelmed with feelings and memories of long forgotten summers in far away places that finding the boat seemed unimportant.

Our boom tent consisted of a 6x9 blue poly tarp. A hole cut into the center line about 18" from the edge allows me to bend on a small part of the main sail. A 1-1/4" plastic washer commonly used on plastic pipe connections is sewn into the hole. By exposing so little of the sail the end of the boom is lifted much higher than normal. Small wooden beams run perpendicular to the boom and are tied off to the edges of the tarp. The effect is more of a bimini than a tent but since rain was not forecast my only concern was the dew.

We stored the foodstuff in coolers, however, one paper grocery sack did manage to sneak aboard. The cockpit seemed the best place for all of it. With the absence of the junk we had accumulated for day sailing there was plenty of room for our double sleeping bag below decks. In fact one of the great surprises of the weekend was the amount of space below. The only problem I encountered was a lack of space between my shoulders and the deck. Our Pearl has retro-fitted ballast tanks so it may be that newer Pearls do not have this inconvenience.

Usually in late April the St. Petersburg area features temperatures in the low 80's with evenings in the mid 60's. Winds usually are perfect and as you might expect it's sunny. This weekend had record a breaking high of almost 50 with the night breaking into the low 40's and a strong north wind that just wouldn't quit. It was a three dog night and we only had one small dog. My so-called tent quickly became a wind scoop funneling the cold air into the cabin. Our sleeping bag only slowed the cold ever so slightly. Our Yorkie patrolled the boat all night waiting for one of us to drift off to sleep before jumping down from the deck on to some soft body part which only served to start the process all over again.

At 2:17 a.m. I awoke to hear claws scratching fiberglass near my head. Suddenly a furry creature jumped out of the cockpit and tore up the beach. Thinking the dog had taken leave of it's senses I grabbed the flashlight and shouted her name until I realized she was still on board. Linda just flat didn't believe me when I told her what happened and my powerful search light revealed nothing on shore to prove my story. When she realized the only loaf of bread was missing, she agreed that perhaps it was time to move a bit.

The tide coming back from it's party had carelessly allowed us to float parallel to the shore making easy access for night pirates. I got out the canoe paddle to add maximum distance before resetting the anchor.

It was then that I noticed the water was on fire with bright green balls and swirls. The First Mate stated that it was time to go home before I completely fell over the edge of sanity. This time it was easier to prove my case and we splashed away like fools for some time awed by the wonder of it all. In order to dry off a bit I stood on the foredeck with one arm wrapped around the mast and was entertained by a nifty meteor shower until long after I was dry.

Our alarm clock in the morning was a flock of brown pelicans diving for fish near the boat. Linda had wanted to greet

the dawn with the same enthusiasm as the sunset. This proved impossible with only two eyes open between us and those only for a few moments.

Thanks to our night pirate, our mid-morning breakfast consisted of peanut butter spread thickly on chocolate chip cookies and milk to wash it down. Such are the sacrifices one must make in the wilderness!

Neither of us had the courage to try out our new, and might I say rather tiny, port-a-potty so the decision was made to strike what was left of the "tent" and make way for the North Shore area of Fort DeSoto Park. Imagine our surprise when we realized the wind had switched to southerly making our destination once again upwind. This is not a problem for the properly motivated sailer and we were properly motivated.

Linda wanted to sail north up the coast just to see how far we could go in half a day. It would be a pleasant run north with a real nice reach back on the promised afternoon sea breeze so off we went. We made it as far as the wilderness marker known as Central Ave. or 107th Ave. in certain beach dialects before stopping for lunch and to watch some larger boats race with spinnakers flying.

The sea breeze failed to materialize and we were forced to begin the long process of tacking upwind in building seas. No matter what I did we gained nothing. We tried reefing, long tacks, short tacks, absolutely nothing gained ground. I was tired and frustrated when the First Mate took over command. I collapsed into a beach chair and fell into a sound sleep. It would be the next week before I remembered the strong current that flows north along our southerly course.

I awoke when salt water splashed in my face and found us at a good 30 degree heel blasting along in two to three foot swells. Looking to the cockpit I saw Linda grinning ear to ear. "Wind shift," was all she said. We splashed and played all the way back to North Shore where we prepared our supper of hamburgers minus the bread.

After our somewhat meager repast we sailed to a small key to watch the earth devour the sun. Reluctantly we agreed neither of us had the energy to withstand another night in the wild, besides we were out of cookies.

Once ashore with our "Magic Pearl" secured to her trailer, Linda commented that she felt dizzy when she closed her eyes and maybe it was a good thing we decided to cut our adventure short. I had difficulty walking, expecting the ground to be mobile. What we both felt was "Magic" still sailing on the seas of our minds and that our time away from daily concerns was special and that it is easy to return to this paradise at any time.

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The Demise of "Bubba Nell"

By John Kaufman Aboard "Ship Happens"

After a hard work week I was overjoyed to finally be at my marina. The weekly hour and half drive gives me time to clear my mind from the job front and put it where it clearly belongs for the weekend. On my boat. On the Bay.

As I got out of my truck I checked to see if there were any carts for my use. As usual the only cart had the flat tire. I still used the cart. It pushed hard and steered to the left with a vengeance, but it's too long a walk to carry much of anything. I know I was lost in thoughts of boating and at the same time concentrating on keeping the cart on the pier. I didn't notice the change until my last trip to my boat. The leisurely walk to take in the smell of the water and the sun starting to set. The walk which clears your mind of all your worries. Then all of a sudden it came over like a gale, "Bubba Nell" was gone.

She was owned by a man who cared nothing for her. He bought her for his prestige and let her die by his laziness.

"Bubba Nell" was a mid-sixties 40' or so Owens. She had become a fixture around the marina, an eyesore but a fixture none the less. She was gone.

I looked at my watch to see if the ship's store was open. Too late. I looked around the docks for someone to ask "what became of Bubba Nell?" No one was on the pier who would have known.

I walked to my boat slower than usual that night. I knew she was gone for good. As I went below to square away my stores for the weekend I couldn't stop thinking about "Bubba Nell". The old girl sat in her slip away from all the other boats. Out of the way of everything and everybody. No one ever boarded her, no one cared about her in the least. The most attention she ever received was at my haulout when her shore line kept blowing the breaker. I was worried of her sinking, they were worried she'd ruin the breaker or the panel.

I turned in for the night and as I lay in my bunk looking thru the small porthole by my pillow I noticed something across the river. It blocked out the lights I always fell asleep looking at. The longer I looked the more the outline took shape. It was a rather large boat. I had to see if it was her. On deck I went with binoculars in hand. It was too dark by this time of the evening to be sure which boat I

was looking at but it was a boat, a large boat. I knew it had to go to that side of the river on it sown, for no one in their right mind would take a vessel into that section. I returned to my bunk reassuring myself this was "Bubba Nell".

I went on deck the next morning to look again, sure enough, there she was in all her broken down glory, lines over the side like a horse trained on drop reins. She was going to stay until someone came to get her.

I went to the marina and told them what I saw. They said she broke loose in a severe thunder storm of midweek before. The county knew she was free and where she was (the county is responsible for adrift vessels).

I left "Ship Happens" for home Sunday evening wondering what was to become of "Bubba Nell".

When I returned the next weekend she had been towed to the county landing and left beached. I walked over to see her. She had her fly bridge off and on the aft deck, she had been stripped by anyone needing a part for anything. The old girl was to be pitied, I did pity her. This once fine vessel was in her last days, for no other reason than neglect and laziness. Too lazy to list her for sale when she was still fine. Too lazy to give her away. Just too damn lazy!

A few days later the tug came in, pulled her off the rocks after the workers secured the crane slings around her. She was pushed towards the crane and hauled to the back of a flat bed. She was too high to clear the power lines, so they crushed her down with a front end loader and strapped the carcass in place for the ride to the incinerator.

Bubba Nell was gone for good this time. I was going to miss the old girl. For a long time now she had been nothing to look at, but she was there, she was a fixture at my marina, she was a once fine lady, and now she is gone.

Foot note. This story is based on a vessel in my marina named "Bubba Nell". The owner is unknown. Some of this I saw myself, other parts were told to me by my friends. In any case, this story is true of many fine wooden vessels on the water today. It's a story I hope I never get to watch happen or tell about again!

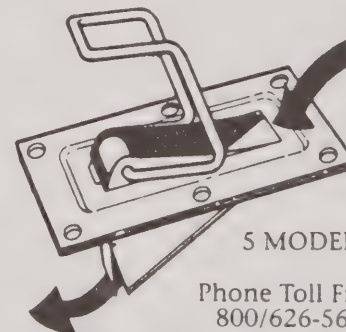
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Introduction:

Welcome to sculling! Sculling is rowing a sliding seat boat with each rower using two oars. This is opposed to sweep rowing, where each rower has only one oar. Sculling boats vary in the number of rowers they hold: a single (one rower), a double (two), or a quad (four). Almost all recreational boats are sculling boats, mostly singles and doubles. Racing boats can be either sculling boats or sweep boats.

People generally become scullers one of two ways: 1) learning to row in recreational boats, or 2) after learning sweep rowing. Scullers are increasing in number because of the growing popularity of recreational rowing and also because many former college sweep rowers find that single sculling offers independence from scheduling rows with others, since sweep boats require two or more rowers.

Sculling is difficult to learn, even for an experienced sweep rower. But, if you can scull, you can almost certainly sweep row. The leg and back movements are similar in the two types of rowing, but sculling requires careful control of two oars with only one hand each, so it is more challenging.

For someone new to the sport, it is best to learn using a stable recreational boat. In time, you may want to move up to less stable but faster boats. Before your first row, have an experienced sculler or rowing boat dealer rig the boat correctly for you.

Find quiet water to learn to row on. Avoid wind, waves, pollution, boat traffic, swimmers and fast currents, the beginning sculler does not need these distractions. Also, try to learn on warm water, to avoid hypothermia if the boat flips. Row close to shore, and after getting flipped (it happens to the best of us!), swim ashore, empty the water from the boat, and start again. It is understood that you should be a competent swimmer before learning to row. Don't quit your workout after a dunking. To build confidence, it is important to end your row on a positive note.

Read this article over periodically as you're learning. Each time you review this information, several more points will become clear, which will then become habit, with practice! The learning process can be slow and tedious, but some concentration and time spent to master technique will more than pay off as your speed increases and your confidence grows. Make the effort from the beginning, it will more than repay you with smooth, fast rows and enormous satisfaction.

Rest Position:

Become thoroughly familiar with the rest position, which is the most stable position in rowing. Always begin your rows from this position to get the feel of the boat and the water. Also, get into the rest position when you want to rest, or recoup from an unstable movement. The rest

Sculling for Beginners

By Steve Mascioli

position is as follows: Sit comfortably erect in the boat with your knees down (seat all the way towards the bow). Your legs should be nearly straight but not tense. Hook your fingers over the oar handles with your knuckles up, and place your thumbs on the ends of the oars. Your grasp should be firm but not squeezing. If you squeeze, your hand positions will almost certainly be incorrect. Your elbows should be down at your sides, with your hands overlapping (left over right) just in front of your abdomen. The oars should be sticking almost straight out from the sides of the boat. Hold the oars so that the blade backs are lying on the surface of the water.

The Four Parts of the Sculling Stroke

The sculling stroke is divided into four basic parts: Catch, Drive, Finish, and Recovery. Think of the stroke in the four basic parts, and even recite "catch, drive, finish, recovery" when you're on the water. You must learn them separately but then integrate them into smooth, continuous strokes, with no breaks or pauses.

Catch: Placing the oar blades into the water at the beginning of each stroke is termed the catch. The catch can be difficult because it is an unstable position, but it is an extremely important part of the stroke. Hard, clean catches, which come with good technique, make boats go fast.

Drive: The power portion of the stroke, when the blades are in the water and the rower is using energy to move the boat, is the drive. The drive uses all of the major muscle groups of the body and is what makes sliding seat rowing such great exercise. The calves, front of thighs, lower and upper back, shoulders, biceps and forearm muscles all come into play. A sculler not only must have good technique but also be in superb condition to have a powerful drive.

Finish: Removing the blades from the water at the end of the drive is called the finish. This movement should be done quickly with coordinated hands and wrists. Slowness at the finish can lead to a "crab", which is when a blade is stuck under water. Crabs tip boats over, so the finish is important!

Recovery: Getting ready for the next catch by sliding forward into a coiled-up position is called the recovery. Though not taxing effort-wise, the recovery should be done slowly with good balance. The boat attains its maximum speed during the recovery.

The Complete Stroke in Detail

Start in the rest position, and check your handgrip. Your fingers and only the top of your palm should be in contact with the oar handle. Your thumbs should be on

the ends of the oars, pressing the collars against the oarlocks. Your left hand should be just above your right hand and only slightly further away from your body. Your hands will overlap like this during the middle of both the drive and recovery. Keep the left hand over the right because sculling boats are rigged with the left-hand oarlock slightly higher than the right-hand oarlock.

Push the handles down slightly, then away from the body so the blades move just above the water. Keep the hands and oars moving horizontally. As your arms straighten, bend at the waist to a comfortable forward lean. After the handles are over your shins, bring your knees up close together to roll the seat forward on the slide. Then, before your knees touch your chest, and in one smooth, continuous motion, "square" the blades, that is, put them straight up and down. Squaring is done by curling your fingers down and raising your wrists. When your knees are touching your chest, you have completed the recovery and are now starting the catch.

Just before the end of the recovery, raise your hands about two inches by rotating your arms only at the shoulders, allowing the blades to drop into the water. Keep your arms out straight as you do this. At the catch, the heels are lifted just off the footstretchers, and the shins are vertical.

The perfect catch causes a small back-splash as the blade hits the water. The blade is thereby planted in the water just before the legs start the drive.

Drive back with your legs to get the boat moving, keeping the back rigid and straight. This aids technique and power, as well as helping to avoid injuries. As the knees come down, start to open up your torso by leaning back. When the knees are almost flat, your body should be about vertical. At this point start to bend your elbows forcefully. Continue to open your torso as you feel your abdominal muscles contract. Stop moving your torso when you're leaning back about 15° to 30° from vertical. With extended legs and solid abdomen, complete the drive by bringing your hands quickly in towards your lower chest.

During the drive, pull the oars straight back, don't raise or lower your hands. Hold your hands high enough to keep the blades just under the surface, so there is a small mound of water following the blade. Don't allow the blades to dig down deeply, or the finish will be difficult. Also, keep your elbows in close to your body, don't 'wing' them out to the sides.

Use only moderate pressure during the drive. Speed will come later, after technique is learned. As you improve, try to use more leg power early in the drive. The back and arms are not as strong as the legs, and cannot provide power during the beginning of the drive. The back and arms exert force only in the latter part of the drive.

The finish is next. It ends the drive by "feathering" the blades flat just above the surface of the water. Pull the handles towards the lower portion of your chest, then push down slightly so the blades rise out of the water. As you do this, uncurl your fingers and drop your wrists. These movements together will flip the blades flat, allowing you to start the recovery. Extend the arms straight in front of you, and lean forward. Come up the slide slowly, under control, to allow the boat to 'run out'.

Push the oars forward on the recovery mostly with your fingers. The oar handle rolls along your fingers during the stroke; at no time should the handle slide along your hands.

The various phases of the stroke have different durations. The catch and finish are each only split-second transitions between two longer phases, the recovery and the drive. The recovery should be slow and controlled, and take at least twice as long as the drive. Try a recovery drill where you inch up the slide for three or four seconds. This teaches balance very effectively.

The drive can be divided into a sequence of three movements of body parts: legs, back, and arms, in that order. On the recovery, it is the opposite: arms, back, and legs. One should concentrate on each part in sequence. A smooth stroke blends each movement with the next, and that integration will come in time, with practice. Remember, a smooth boat is a fast boat.

Other Considerations

Most beginners find the hand and arm movements of sculling the most difficult to learn. You must pay particular attention to where your hands are at all times during the stroke. Learning the proper grip, and how it changes during the stroke is absolutely necessary to be a competent sculler.

The oar rotates 90° during the stroke (around its long axis). The flat part of the oar sleeve rests on the bottom of the oarlock during recovery, and presses against the upright part of the oarlock (next to the pin) during the drive. To accomplish this 90 degree rotation, combined movements of both the fingers and the wrist are required. Each one is responsible for about 45 degrees of rotation. The wrist should be flat, the back of the hand and forearm should form a straight line. This grip may not feel particularly secure at first, but the

force during the drive on the square oarlock and flat sleeve prevents any blade rotation. Also, this hook grip is very strong, it is used by powerlifters during heavy deadlifts.

Throughout the stroke, the thumbs push firmly on the ends of the handles. They serve to keep the collars up against the oarlocks. This is very important especially at the end of the drive, when the tendency is to slide the oars towards the body.

Keep your hands moving horizontally, both hands the same distance from your trunk at all times. Maintaining control of the oars is 90% of being able to balance the boat; the oars act as outriggers 18 feet apart and when properly handled make flipping the boat almost impossible. The hands must move together and be synchronized at all times. If they are a fraction of a second off, balance will be off. If your timing is good, the boat will be balanced.

Keep moving the hands, but not necessarily the arms, at all times. If you stop the hands just before the catch and start the leg drive, the boat will slow significantly; pausing at the finish can lead to crabs.

Dinghy-Style Rowing:

Many beginners tend to move their hands in a circular motion; that is, the hands and arms come back very high on the drive and go out very low on the recovery. This "dinghy-style" rowing is often the result of rowing in fixed-seat rowboats (hence the term) or from using poorly-designed hydraulic rowing machines. This terrible fault will quickly get you into trouble in sliding seat boats and must be corrected. The hands should move in two parallel, horizontal planes. As viewed from the side, the hands should trace out an elongated paperclip.

Beginners are sometimes taught to recover with the blade backs on the surface of the water, then square the blades and drive straight back without any vertical movement of the hands whatsoever. Doing this as a drill will force the beginner to unlearn the circular movements of dinghy-style rowing.

Head Position:

Look directly behind the boat and keep your head level throughout the stroke. Your eyes should be fixed on the

horizon or on the stern tip of the boat. If you're in the bow seat of a double, look at the back of the neck of the other rower. Avoid picking your head up during the drive because it can pull your hands up too high. Don't look around at the scenery, your head is heavier than you think, and you can throw off the boat's balance. With practice, you can look around to see where you're heading. This can be either during the drive or recovery, but do it quickly and carefully.

Body Swing:

Adequate body swing (movement at the waist) is important for several reasons: 1) to get good forward extension at the catch; 2) to give the hands room to feather the blades at the finish, and; 3) to get your weight out of the bow quickly at the beginning of the recovery.

Summary:

Learn the sculling stroke in its four individual sections, but perform them in an integrated fashion nonstop. Think smooth technique to move the boat. Remember, legs, back, arms, arms, back, legs, repeat!

To learn faster, have an experienced rower in another boat or on shore analyze and critique your style. If you have the chance, row in the stern seat of a double, with an experienced rower in the bow seat who can coach you. Observers can pick up faults right away that you may never discover.

The developing sculler needs to be aware of the length of time required to master technique, and not be discouraged after having a bad row. Learning to scull is very different from many other sports, since small errors in technique can markedly decrease performance. The sculler needs to be aware of very small details and concentrate at all times. Keep practicing, because you learn something new each time you row.

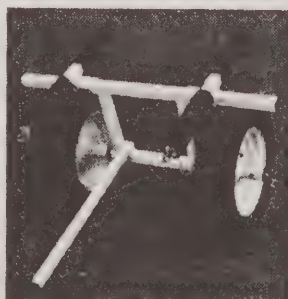
Read and re-read this article and other rowing manuals, and be determined, it is well worth the effort. Sculling is not mastered in one, five, or even ten weeks. Your perseverance and dedication will pay off handsomely as you progress. Good luck and enjoy a lifetime of sculling!

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My boat made a slight sound as it touched the beaver dam. The otter had crossed the dam down toward the next pond without seeing me, and when it heard my noise it came back to look, sticking its head out through a notch in the dam, right over my stern. I turned at its "whuff" and we stared at each other for a long time, several seconds, before it dove over the boat into the water. It came up a few yards away for another look, dove, looked again, and gradually retreated that way over the next couple of minutes.

I was on a string of bogs and beaver ponds a few miles from home. The first pond was a good twelve minutes walk from the nearest place I could drive to, so I had taken the lightest boat I had, a downriver kayak, weighing only 22 pounds.

It was not a good choice. It was probably the best choice I had at the time, but it was not good. To begin with, I don't like to tour in a jealous boat; if you pay attention to anything else, it gets upset. Downriver kayaks are notoriously tippy, and the notoriety is deserved (slalom kayaks are often thought to be tippy, but that's just because they are often seen in rough water. On flat water they're stable). But one can learn to live with tippyness. Two other problems were more serious; it's awkward to get into and out of, and it's hard to carry.

I already knew I wanted to keep on visiting places like that one, and meeting the otter just hardened that resolve. Something had to be done. I wanted a boat that would be light and easy to handle, both on and off the water. It had to be completely open, so one could get in or out at the ends. Using a double-bladed paddle would let me sit on the bottom of the boat, so the beam can be much less, and hence both weight and resistance are reduced. The result was an open kayak, more often called a double-paddle canoe. I had built a couple of stripper canoes (narrow strips are stapled and edge-glued over transverse forms, then glassed outside and in), so I'd make another. Now, several years later, let me give you a warning if it's not already too late.

Paddling (like other ways of getting around in boats) is addictive.

Building your own boats is more addictive. You don't stop at one.

Designing and building your own boats is even more, much more, addictive.

Proceed further at your own risk.

I liked the speed and paddling ease of the downriver boat, and of my sea kayak, a Mariner (the original model). I took lines off each of them, roughly, and put together some combinations; shallow vee, asymmetric, fine entry, rather hard chines aft (for a stripper), to ease turning. Fully flared, no tumblehome anywhere. It was 14' long, 24" wide, and 8" deep. I weigh about 160 lb, and my standard day pack adds another 15. The boat weighed 23 lb, performed beautifully, and was just what I wanted. Except (there's always something) that waves about 3" high would come in. The boat was too small.

The second one was 15' long and 10" deep. I overcompensated on the buoyancy, and made the ends too full. Performance was adequate, but nowhere near that of #1. #3 was an experiment. Make it flat-bottomed to see if it would be steadier for pho-

My Canoe in Six Permutations

tography and birdwatching, and pull in the sides a bit just in front of the seat to see if it makes paddling any easier. No and no. It hasn't been in the water for at least a couple of years.

Meanwhile, between #1 and #2, I had written a computer program to help with design, and later I made it print the station patterns, full size, on my dot matrix printer. The paper is only eight inches wide, so the patterns have to be pieced.

I took #2 to the 1990 L.L. Bean Canoe Symposium. Bart Hawthay, and later John Winters, tried it (and later ones) and made some helpful suggestions. #4 was ready for the next Symposium and Bob Hicks took its picture which appeared in Volume 9, Number 5, July 15, 1991, page 16. This boat weighs 24 lbs not 26. Its sheerline rose a couple of inches at the ends where the others were flat, and it was still 10" deep amidships. It looked better and went better than #2 and was surprisingly accepting of rough water.

But, in the building I'd had to cut bits off the end stations to make the strips run fair, so the computer program got more attention and #5 was just barely ready for last year's Symposium. The lines were fair and the boat was fast, if a bit tender. One Symposium participant, who's tried each year's boat, started calling them my "swamp rockets".

Over the winter I started a major overhaul of the computer program, so instead of designing a new boat, I made #6 the same as #5, but detuned; with 28" beam instead of 24". That's a trivial change with a computer. It was much more stable, and didn't lose that much in performance. It had no trouble keeping up with Bob Hicks' Seda Viking sea kayak, with neither of us working. Bob tried it later, and opined that he could get used to owning a boat like that. I prefer #5, but I'd take #6 on an overnight trip, or with any other heavy load.

Except for #3, which has its waist tucked in a bit, all of these boats have flared sides. They feel a bit wobbly at first, but the flare gives them lots of final stability. Getting in and out is still the most awkward part of paddling, and I usually hold the boat when someone else is trying it. The raised sheer at the ends does help keep the waves out. #1 to #5 are all around 24lbs, and #6 is about 28lbs.

All of these boats move along easily with very little paddling effort, but they also, #5 especially, invite and respond to hard paddling. They can be driven much harder than I can drive an ordinary canoe with a single blade. At this year's Canoe Symposium one of the manufacturers' canoes I tried was rather similar to mine, but of course wider and fitted out for single-bladed paddling. It felt good, but when driven with a double-bladed paddle, I thought it had an excessive bow wave. These boats track well, but #5 and #6 also turn easily upon request.

Three of us revisited the Otter Route in #2, #4, and #5. The bog orchids were almost finished, but some still hung on, and we saw two or three otters. We swam in one of the bog pools, and generally had a good day. Some water levels had changed, so we returned to the car by a different route, carrying the boats for over a mile. The seventy-year-old was tired by the time she had got #2 back to the car.

Although the strips are 3/16", instead of the usual 1/4", the boats are not especially fragile. For example, while #1 is still being used, it does need repair; the bow dragged along the highway a short distance after a roofrack rope broke. #2 needed a new strip of glass along the keel after what turned out to be over a mile of shallow Class I-II whitewater. I try to not abuse the boats, but I'm not all that careful.

I've used polyester instead of epoxy for all of my strippers. It's much cheaper, and as long as the boats are kept under cover, seems to last well enough. My oldest stripper was built in 1975 and is not delaminating. #1 has some delamination at the bow, where it was dragged, and #3 has a bubble where I did something wrong, but otherwise the polyester has held up well.

I wanted these boats to be light, and I'd already learned that the fittings can easily add far too much weight. Minimalism was the word. But I did want hardwood ends to accommodate hard usage. Endpieces are laminated ash, steamed in the microwave oven for easier bending. Gunwales are spruce, with corners rounded for comfort, and lower edges feathered so water drains off when the boats are upside down (none of the wood that was shaved off has to be carried.) They're epoxied on, but the ends should be riveted. The early ones had riveted, instead of epoxied, gunwales, using aluminum roofing nails for rivets, with pop-rivet washers for roves. The main thwart is softwood. A strap made of ABS drainpipe is bent hot (toaster oven) around the gunwale and through a slot in the hull over the ends of the thwart. It's pinned with a couple of brass screws, and clamped with radiator hose clamps.

Seating, and especially backrests, in #5 and #6 is better than the earlier ones. The seat is still a piece of foam glued (contact cement) to the bottom. A second piece of foam glued in behind it makes a pocket for the bottom of the backrest, which is a little wooden frame covered with foam, and is tied to, and supported by, the thwart. Footrests, blocks of wood epoxied to the hull, make paddling easier, and a second thwart is just in front of them. In #1 to #5, this "thwart" is just cord; #6 has a piece of wood, too. On portages, one blade of the paddle is slipped under the cord, and the other end of the paddle is tied to the main thwart with a cord fastened there. I normally carry the boat on my head on another piece of glued-in foam, but I've made a detachable yoke.

#7? I don't know yet. It may be a new design. On the other hand, sometimes it would be nice to have a light tandem canoe, so maybe I'll just enlarge #5 again, to 32" or 34" beam with more depth.

Full-sized patterns are available for \$25. Specify the beam desired.

Bruce Winterbon RR 1, Deep River, ON KOJ 1P0, Canada.

The biggest epiphanies in life come in the most unexpected places. I, for example, discovered the real difference between women and men on the banks of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, in the form of a dog with 125 porcupine quills in her face.

It wasn't pretty. The truth never is. But it could have been worse, as you soon will see.

It happened a few weeks ago during the ninth annual installment of the all-woman canoe trip. Everything was going along as usual, i.e., after months of planning so that eight of us from four cities could disengage from 10 jobs, seven mates and four children in order to spend three days on a river, someone had to cancel at the last minute.

So, as usual, we made a mad scramble for an eighth party. This year we found Brenda, a kindred spirit despite the fact that she has her own paddle and actually knows what the heck she's doing.

Difference No. 1 between women and men: Can you imagine eight male buddies engaging in any physical activity for nine years running and still contending that *they don't know what they're doing*? They'd probably be trying out for the Olympics.

Anyway, it's our last night on the river. We're drinking wine before dinner when disaster strikes. Joni's dog, Strada, emerges from the woods looking like an escapee from a Stephen King novel. She has done battle with a porcupine and lost. Her face, head and neck are riddled with 6-inch quills. They are in her mouth, her tongue, her throat — but not, thank God, her eyes. She is choking, gagging, clearly in misery. Joni is beside herself.

There is no removing the quills, which, we discover the



SALLY KALSON

The only womanly thing to do

Woman who mess about in boats are not a majority part of this activity so when some women get out there and do some messing about on their own it's nice to hear about it. Reader Byron McCulloh of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, obtained permission from his local newspaper, the "Pittsburgh Post Gazette" and featured columnist Sally Kalson for us to reprint Sally's column from late June about adventures on the 9th Annual All-Woman Canoe Trip.

hard way, are barbed at the tip, serrated on the shaft and Ginsu-esque at the end. The dog will have to be sedated. Maybe Joni will, too.

Perhaps two hours of daylight remain. We are at least five hours from the take-out point. We know there are cabins downstream, but how far? We consider our options for five minutes and then jump into action. We load a tent, a lantern, dry clothes and food into a canoe. Carrie and Janet take the front and rear. Joni, in heavy clothing and gloves, holds Strada in the middle. We push them off and watch them disappear.

Thus begins **Difference No. 2**: We can't let it go. We have to analyze every move we made and

why, project every possible consequence. We have, in other words, to drive ourselves nuts.

Should they have stayed, should we have gone? What if they don't find a cabin by dark and there's no place to pull out? Or if they do, but no one's home? Will they think to break in? Will there be a phone? What are the chances of finding a veterinarian? What if Strada panics and dumps the canoe? Or if the cabin they find is Maggot Beach, as we call the spot where a bunch of drunks shot at us one year?

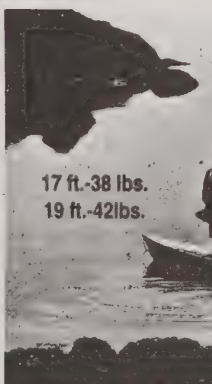
Men wouldn't have done that. They'd have had trusted their instincts, polished off the beer, peed on the fire (a no-no for women in any case) and slept like babies.

As it turned out, the advance party had a much better night than we did. Not only did they find help, they found it from a gallant gentleman with a 14-bed cabin, a four-wheel drive vehicle, a cellular phone and a hydrofoil. Carrie stood astride the air boat the next morning, roaring up the river toward us like a warrior out of "Apocalypse Now." Strada had been to the vet, who'd knocked her out and removed more than 100 quills. Our friends had gone back to the cabin and sat around the fireplace with their host, drinking gin and tonic until 2 a.m. before turning in.

Difference No. 3: Our rescuer insisted that next year we absolutely must carry a gun.

How hunting down the porcupine and blowing its brains out would have helped Strada, we're not sure. And we're not going to find out, because she's never coming with us again.

Difference No. 4: According to our savior, to whom we are eternally grateful, the whole thing proved that every canoe trip can use a good man.



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What You Are Building



Indeed my 12' Grumman sportboat sails. The sail is about 38 square feet with a 9' luff and 8.5' foot. The leeboards rotate upward if they hit bottom and the rudder can be pulled up. The boom is detachable and flips alongside the gunwales allowing for a comfortable rowing station. The 10' aluminum mast is from a Sunfish.

I am using 7' oars for the 55" beam of the Grumman hull (59" leeboard to leeboard). Two sponsons provide added stability when heeling. Wooden seats are fastened over the aluminum ones with line. Weight without the attachments is 110 pounds.

Simply put, this is a small sailboat I can also row with great ease.

Alfred Curran, 119 Sifton Dr., New Britain, CT 06053.



14 Feet, 45 Horsepower, 25 Knots

The Micro Trawler we have just completed for Dick Welch of Auburn, Washington, was all we had hoped for on its sea trials. The 45hp Honda four-stroke drove her at close to 30knots on smooth waters, well up on a plane as can be seen in the photo. She should cruise handily at 20 knots.

Not only does this toy trawler have performance that belies its sedentary appearance, but it also has a lot of room inside with standing headroom in the pilot-house and galley, and two 6'5" berths, all inside a 14'6"x8' hull! Several photos taken during construction show how this all goes together.

David Montgomery, Montgomery's Boatyard, 29 Ferry St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

What a "Swiftly 13" Looks Like



This is what one of Fred Shell's "Swiftly 13's" looks like after the paint is on. It's as stable as an island and a dream to sail. I don't have, however, a photo of the neat doghouse I put together from the crate in which the boat kit came. Talk about getting my money's worth!

Leo Teachout, 4030 Bazetta Rd., Cortland, OH 44410.





Third Version by Far the Best

This is the third Arkansas Traveller canoe I have built and it is by far the best. Motivation for its construction was to make a canoe I could lift on and off the car with ease alone, yet would carry two in comfort. We don't find a canoe under 17' to be comfortable for two so I chose the plans from John Gardner's book, "Building Classic Small Craft", pages 73-80. It measures 17'x29-1/2".

Construction is from 1/8" lauan plywood underlayment (at \$23 per sheet) lapstrakes glued with Aerolite glue. The keel,

outwales, stem, thwarts and deck beam are cedar, the decking plywood. Varnish is polyurethane. Subsequent to taking this photo, because of some oilcanning, I installed three ash ribs, one at each scarph line fore and aft and one in the center, and a compression strut. Overall weight came out 35lbs, 11oz.

The previous two Arkansas Travellers were a 17' made of 1/4" plywood and then a 14' of 1/4" plywood, both of which now are with my daughter.

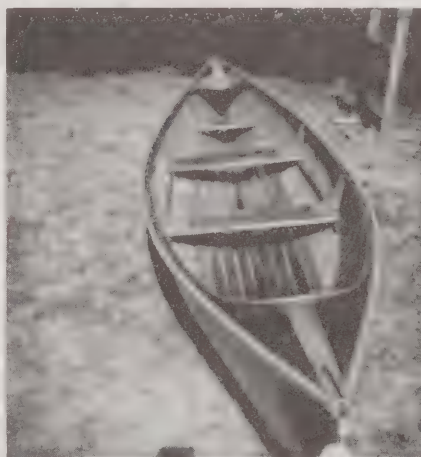
Lorry Sedgwick, Menomonie, WI.

DOUBLE ENDED PETERBOROUGH

I'm restoring a beautiful 16' Peterborough rowing skiff made around 1930. Thanks to the Hanna family of Alder Creek Boatworks in Remsen, NY, this project became possible. They supplied encouragement, expertise, materials and did the more difficult installation tasks. I did the easier bits.

Over 100 new ribs were required as well as a new stem, king planks, keel, seat, coamings, and outwales. The Hanna's knowledge of, and experience with, Peterboroughs was invaluable in accomplishing this year-long project. Now when I stop at toll booths with the boat on the roof, the takers say, "If you don't have the money, I'll take the boat!"

Brooks Robbins, 53 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.



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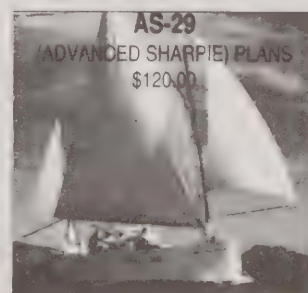
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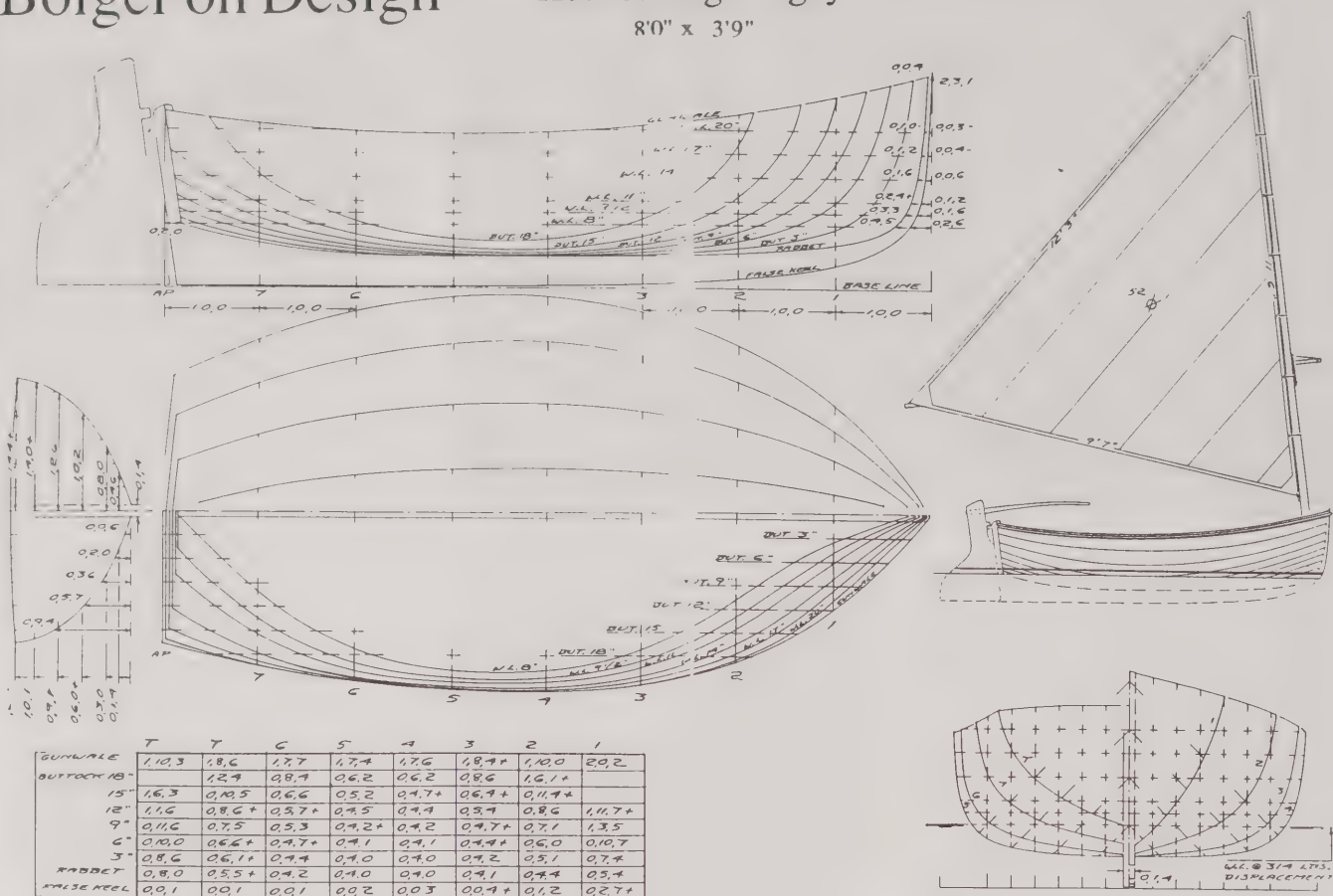
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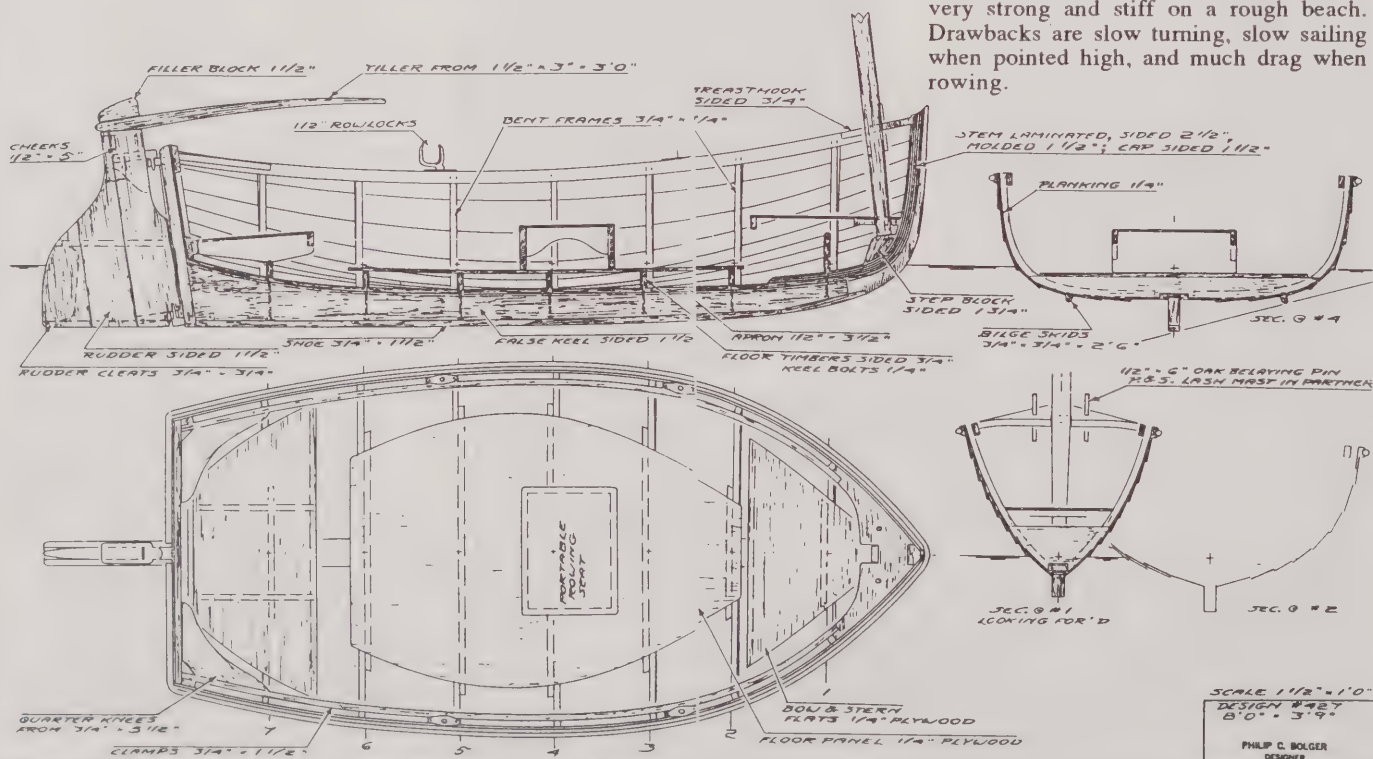
Bolger on Design

Keel Sailing Dinghy

8'0" x 3'9"



This yacht tender was designed for a Seattle builder but not built on account of inordinate cost. She was intended to carry three adults without crowding, and keep them dry in a small harbor chop. The long shallow keel allows her to sail to windward drawing 8 inches of water with one person, leaves the inside of the boat clear, and is very strong and stiff on a rough beach. Drawbacks are slow turning, slow sailing when pointed high, and much drag when rowing.



SCALE 1 1/2" = 1'0"
DESIGN #427
8'0" x 3'9"
PHILIP C. BOLGER
DESIGNER
GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Launching Strategies & Schemes

By Ron Magen

The 19' sailboat/trailer outfit I bought (used of course) had a 6' tongue; the previous owner had cut it down from the makers "normal" of 8'. This could have been for storage or other maneuverability purposes. However it made launching and recovery from certain ramps a bit "damp" and/or a little troublesome. There are several solutions to this situation but the easiest is "modified avoidance"; use a ramp where the INCLINE ANGLE works with your combination of boat/trailer/vehicle.

Make up an "angle checker" using scrap wood, a brass or stainless steel screw and a drawing compass or card with angles marked and a level for setting a base line. Go to your favorite ramp and measure the degree of the slope. Those ramps with the same angle as your "home ramp" need cause you no concern.

Steeper ramps should not be any problem unless they are extremely so. Trailer guides which help to position the boat are available at almost every marine supply outlet. Their 50" height and reflectors give a good view of what is happening with the back end of the trailer which is usually what you are most concerned with. I have a small pickup with a cap and usually leave the rear window up and tailgate down for a clearer view. (If you have a lot of loose items in the back make sure nothing can fall out).

Some options for ramps with a shallower angle need to be considered; a) use another ramp, or b) prepare some method of dry launch and recovery. Regardless of what you do you can "launch" your tow vehicle from forgetting to set the brake, a slippery ramp or other unforeseen accident. However, with the shallow ramp the boat will have to be backed further down the ramp and having your exhaust pipe and/or rear wheels under water is taking too much of a risk in my view.

Some form of temporary extension or "pull off" device is in order in this circumstance. I was originally thinking of using 2-1/2" iron water pipe as an extension. Perfectly sized to fit with a trailer coupling. I only needed about 3'; unfortunately it was only available in 20' lengths!

However wood is available everywhere and is easy to work with hand tools and is inexpensive. I got a 3"x3"x4' piece of treated fence post for \$5.00! Fitted with a coupling and using two 3"x3-5/8" steel U-bolts and flat steel backing bars it is a 10 minute process to unhitch.

Clamp this extension to the side or bottom of the tongue and hitch up again. (Remember we're discussing relatively low tongue weights. The extension could be laminated from layers of plywood and epoxy; the bolts are more than sufficiently strong. Do not use this for "over the road" trailering.)

If this is too much trouble there is a simpler approach. This device is always attached to the trailer and available for use at a moment's notice. Simply attach a suitable swivel block on the rear (or center) cross beam. Using an appropriate size

line, tie a non-marking hook or quick release shackle on one end and clip it temporarily on the trailer's winch handle. Feed the other through the block. Tie a bowline or other good loop in it a couple of feet or so past the block. That's it. Normally this will be tied somewhere out of the way on the trailer.

In use you back the trailer down toward the water. Before the line goes in the water, stop and detach the winch cable from the boat, pay it out and hook it up to

the loop end of the line. Attach the hook end of the line to the boat's bow or trailer eye. Now back the trailer & boat into the water as far as you feel confident. The more of the stern of the boat that is in the water the easier it slides off but the idea is to be comfortable with this. Now simply winch the boat off the trailer; handle the rest as a "normal" launch.

When the boat floats off do not forget to have someone disconnect the winch line before you pull the trailer away.

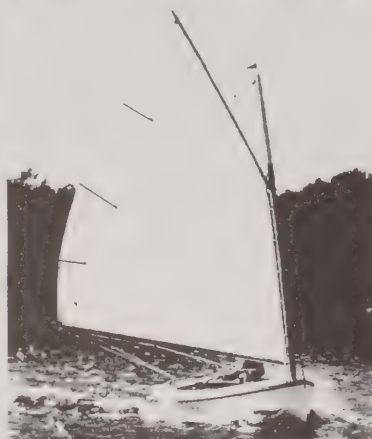


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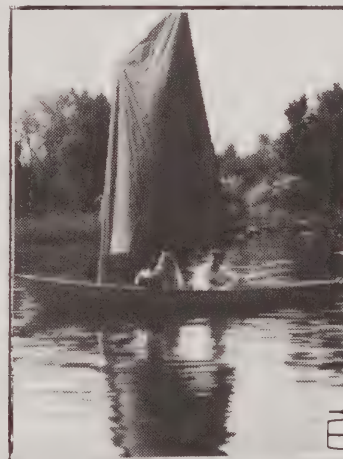
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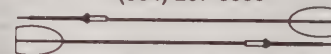
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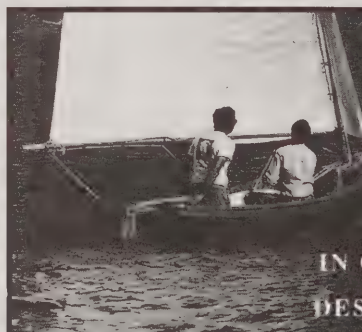


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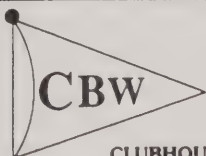
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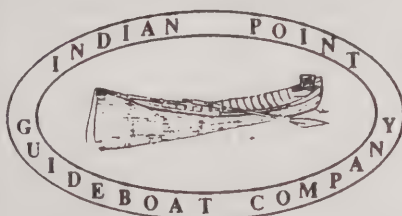


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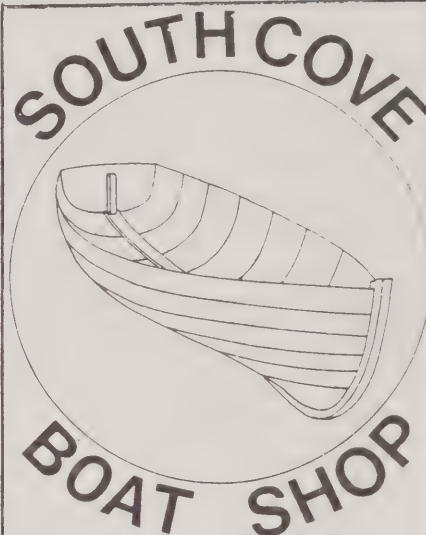
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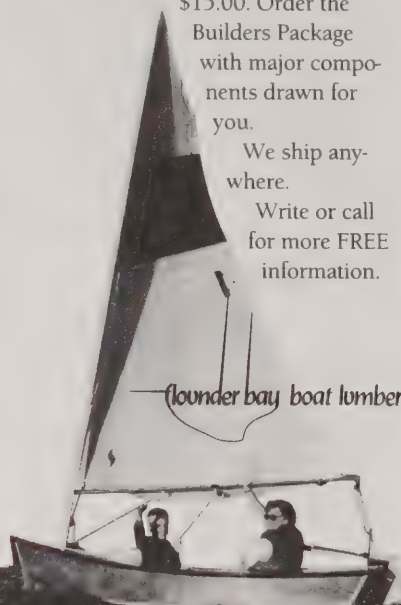
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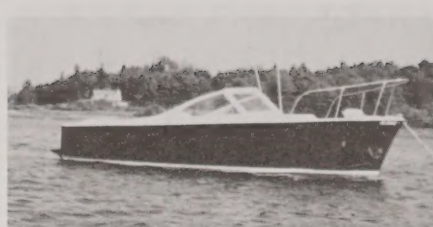
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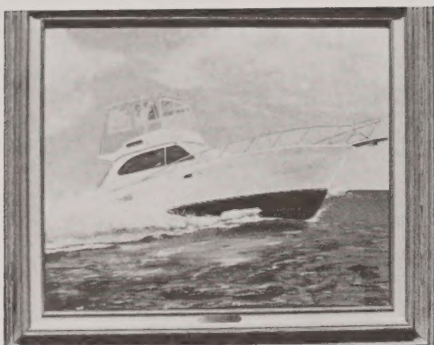


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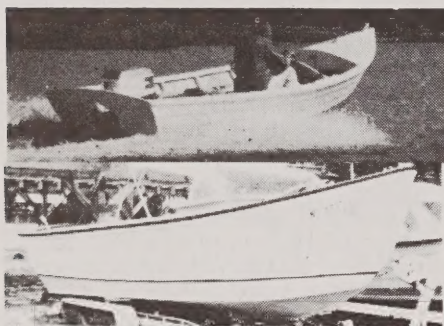
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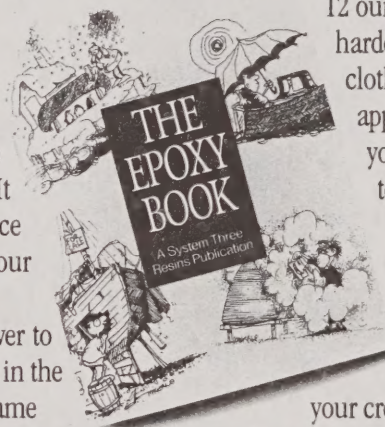
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